

# The Nation

VOL. LXXXVII—NO. 2244.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

PRICE 15c

## The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Patterson, Treasurer; Hammond Lamont, Editor; Paul Elmer More, Associate Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada \$3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union \$4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.  
Publication Office, 30 Vesey Street.

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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

## The Week.

One hears many Republican sneers at Bryan's reported intention to have the Denver Convention adopt the planks urged by La Follette at Chicago, but there refused. What infantile strategy, it is said. But there is at least one of those planks which may plague the Republicans more than they imagine. We mean the demand for publishing all campaign contributions and expenses. It was voted down at Chicago by 880 to 94. Previously, the McCall bill to compel publicity of campaign accounts had been mysteriously done to death in Congress. It was one matter of pending legislation in which the President took no interest. If now the Democrats at Denver take the stone which the Chicago builders rejected and make it the head of the corner, the Republicans will be put on the defensive in a matter where their record is peculiarly vulnerable. Bryan will certainly make great play with the Standard Oil and Beef Trust and Harri-man contributions to Mr. Roosevelt's fund in 1904. The only way to meet him will be to volunteer complete publicity. To that, the Republican Committee may as well make up its mind from the start. And if Bryan is both sincere and shrewd in this business, he will call also for an account of the preliminary expenses of the nomination. Should he give out a full statement of what he himself had spent, the Taft family would be forced to do the same.

Secretary Metcalf has announced in San Francisco the "ultimate" policy of keeping a battleship fleet in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic. Admiral Wainwright further explained the idea in a speech to the Rainier Club in Seattle. According to him, the "two-ocean standard" means the maintaining of two adequate fleets, "too wise for conquest, too strong for fear." This being the intention, the question recurs why the suggestion of able naval officers to retain a part of the ships already in the Pacific, should not be adopted. If eight or ten battleships were kept, a force sufficient for defence, though not for aggression, would be at hand to calm excitement on the Coast, while the others, returning, would soon be joined by ships now building, so as to give all needed strength in the Atlantic. It is not too late to change the plan to bring all the battleships home via Suez, and we hope it will be done.

There are two men in New York who must now wish that they had never

heard of the Mayoralty recount—William R. Hearst and George B. McClellan. The former's rout is complete; he has failed to show any wholesale frauds in the counting. Some corruption there apparently was; but in the main the errors made have been due to blunders or to stupid decisions as to the validity of the markings. We very much fear, therefore, that Mr. Hearst's newspaper will have to forego the pleasure of calling Mr. McClellan the fraud Mayor, and printing his title in quotation marks. Mr. Hearst will now have to fall back upon registration frauds, colonizers, and repeaters as the reason why he is not sitting in the City Hall. As for the Mayor, who has fought so hard for more than two and a half years to prevent a recount, he must be regretting that he did not promptly come forward after the election and demand the opening of the boxes. His failure to do that has cost him dear, not only in pocket, but in prestige, and has created the unhappy impression that he was willing to hold office even if not entitled to it. The Mayor must have had an exceeding distrust of the methods of his own beloved Tammany henchmen!

We should like very much to know how it is that the National Rifle Association of America, with offices in New York and Washington, is able to use War Department "official business" envelopes for its mail matter. We understand that the association is hard up, for a letter, lying before us in one of these franked envelopes, confesses that it "is badly handicapped for lack of funds." Obviously, it is convenient to use envelopes that make postage unnecessary. But is there a provision in the laws which permits this, and does the real head of the War Department, Assistant Secretary Oliver, know that this thing is going on? We do not believe so, even though Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, and Mr. Taft have written letters commendatory to the association, facsimiles of which are enclosed in this begging circular. But we have not yet got to the point where the mere enclosing of a copy of the letter of the ruler of this country entitles the whole communication to free carriage. This organization is needless and mischievous in its aim to put a rifle into every boy's hands, expressed as follows:

We are trying to build up a sentiment in this country for better conditions of defence, and encourage a spirit of patriotism among our citizens, most especially the schoolboys.

This whole business of putting firearms into children's hands is bound to fail. Lord Roberts, with all his prestige, has not been able to frighten England into

making instruction in shooting a part of each school's curriculum. Much less will the effort to do the same for our schoolboys succeed. Our school children, for one reason, are worked hard enough now, and when they are free they have better uses for their time in the way of sports and gymnastic exercises than wasting afternoons in the effort to learn how to kill on sight. Indeed, if there is one kind of national society we need, it is an association to restrict the carrying of arms—not one to familiarize more people with them.

Two articles in the July magazines emphasize the responsibility of the public for railway accidents. Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of the Union Pacific system and the Southern Pacific Company, offers in *Appleton's* a somewhat feeble apology for the railways. He makes the surprising assertion that conditions are really improving. Unfortunately, the evidence brought forward is very slight. In 1906, he says, there were 114 persons killed and 1,983 injured in accidents on the Union Pacific; but in 1907 there were only 105 killed and 1,104 injured, though in the same time there was an increase of 12.87 per cent. in the passenger traffic. The difference is not very reassuring; with such limited data, one suspects that the decrease itself was a railway accident. Another cheerful aspect of the situation, according to Mr. Kruttschnitt, is that a very great number of all those killed and injured are foolhardy persons who take unnecessary risks, and trespassers who take the hazards open-eyed. Mr. Kruttschnitt agrees, on the whole, with Mr. Fagan (writing in the *Atlantic*) that lack of discipline among employees is the cause of most preventable accidents. But Mr. Fagan comes out roundly with the charge that this lack of discipline is largely owing to the "harmony" that exists between managers and employees. The "Brown system" of secretly recording demerits against a man who has broken a rule saves much "irritation" and is very agreeable to all parties concerned—except the public. Mr. Fagan asserts, furthermore, that the "investigation of a railroad accident by the management of an American railroad is neither more nor less than a hushing-up process," and that all those who are in a position to speak with authority are "tongue-tied and pen-paralyzed." On the altar of "harmony" the interests of the public are continually being sacrificed. The labor unions, moreover, make it practically impossible for the management properly to discipline men, even when it so desires.



It is to the South that students of prohibition are looking now for light. There the experiment is being tried on a greater and greater scale. Lately, the chief of police of Atlanta, Henry Jennings, has published statistics showing the results of the first three months of prohibition as compared with the same three months of the year previous—January, February, and March, 1907. There was, he reports, no decrease in the burglaries and thefts, but the total number of arrests fell from 5,277 to 2,010, a decrease of 3,267. Arrests for disorderly conduct were cut in half, and those for drunkenness were but 323, as contrasted with 1,293. Mr. Jennings avers that this correctly indicates the great falling off in drunkenness; and the result has been fewer complaints of severe distress among the poor and more cash for household expenses. Altogether, his report is as favorable as could be expected under the circumstances.

The complete collapse of the Yale 'varsity crew and of the successful Harvard freshman crew calls fresh attention to the danger of these contests to men improperly trained. Something was radically wrong with the Yale crew; the explanation that they were "rowed to pieces" by the Harvard crew in the first two miles is not adequate. There have been gruelling races at New London before, but never, we believe, a 'varsity crew which was in such evident distress before the three-mile flags were reached. Yale crews have rowed down Harvard eights in the first two miles without such consequences. Nor is it sufficient to say, as does the Yale coach, that the Yale stroke was of a highly nervous temperament. That does not explain why No. 4 collapsed at one time and No. 3 also showed signs of distress. There ought to be a very careful inquiry by the Yale authorities, for the sending of a crew to the post when unfit physically is but little short of a crime. The whole matter will renew the discussion as to whether four miles is not too long for a contest between boys. On the other hand, the complete exhaustion of the victorious Harvard freshman crew shows that even two miles may be too much. Defeated eights often collapse, but the picture of the conditions in the Harvard freshman boat after their triumphant breaking of the record and defeat of their rivals must raise the question whether the strain is not too great for young men of from seventeen to nineteen years. Certain it is that many an oarsman pays the penalty in after-life for over-exertion, either by some organic trouble or by inability to resist disease.

Col. Higginson discusses in the July *Harper's* the change of American aris-

toocracy. In his own undergraduate days the only persons whom he recognized as aristocrats were the president and the professors. Many can remember when it was *lèse majesté* not to remove one's hat ten feet before meeting a professor and to keep it off ten feet after. But the former things have passed away. It is no longer true, as Sir Thomas Browne affirmed, that "there is in this universe a stair, or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion." The modern professor is gratified at the recognition of his eminence if the student's hat is removed in the classroom. Doubtless, the collegian means no disrespect when he salutes a gray-haired teacher with "Hello!"—it is only his genial way of asserting the brotherhood of man. Still, there is no more condescension of students toward the intelligence of the faculty than toward intellectual distinction among themselves. Debaters, writers, and scholars are not the aristocrats. Young Americans will not off-cap to wealth, though it somewhat gildeth the infirmities of them that have it. The college aristocrat without fear or reproach is none of these; they may all be patronized—blue blood by red gold brains by both. The successful athlete, though his fortune be made in a day, bears the palm from them all. To him everything bows down—family, wealth, learning, freshman, and—*exceptis excipiendis*—college presidents. Muscle will be served.

Dispatches from Chicago, though not of the boastful summer-resort order, report numerous suicides in that city in consequence of the great heat. It is a fact, however, that the month of June is everywhere the one in which self-destruction is most common. In all parts of the world, the smallest number of suicides occurs in December, the largest in June. And the difference is considerable—the average for the United States being 336 in June, as against 217 in December. In this country, last year, there was a record of 10,782 suicides, and, as George Kennan remarks in an article on the problems of suicide in *McClure's Magazine*, if the present rate of increase be maintained, we shall in the next five years lose in this way nearly as many lives as were lost in battle by the Union armies in the five years of the Civil War. Many attempts have been made to explain why the first month of summer should convince more persons than any other month that life is not worth living. Why, when nature is most smiling and happy, should these men and women be more inclined to part with life than at a season when the air is full of chill and discomfort? Mr. Kennan's explanation is the most ingenious and plausible that has yet

been suggested. The sunshine, the blue skies, the leafy trees, and the singing birds of June increase the happiness of the man who is happy already, but they intensify, by contrast, the misery of the man who is already miserable. "Everybody is happy," he says to himself; "everybody is rejoicing, I am the solitary exception. I am the only living thing that is out of place," and so he makes away with himself. Accepting this view, one can understand why, as statistics show, it is not only in the pleasantest month of the pleasantest season that the tendency to suicide is greatest, but also, as has been demonstrated in New York city, greatest on the clearest and sunniest days of that month. It is too true; Lowell's "perfect day," the rare day in June, is suicide weather!

Rapid progress is being made in European countries, notably Italy and Scandinavia, in the utilization of water-power for generating electricity. In Germany, the elation in industrial circles over this advance has been dampened by hints that the government is meditating a monopoly, or at any rate a policy which will turn over most of the profits to the state. The first intimations were made last December, and more recently the Bavarian Minister of Traffic, Herr von Frauendorfer, made some remarks which indicated that the question was under serious consideration, and that a national tax on electric power was to be expected in any case. He admitted that a complete state monopoly would have serious disadvantages, because it would discourage inventors and thus delay the development of the electric industry. The government would need an unlimited supply of electric power in case it should be substituted for steam on the state railways. Such a change is not, however, imminent, the military authorities being strongly opposed to it.

Insurrection in Mexico is such a comparatively obsolete trade as to offer the very slightest chance of success to the enterprising promoter. President Diaz's iron hand is gripping tight about the raiding bands in Coahuila, and if the United States does its duty in keeping its territory from being used as a recruiting ground and centre of refuge, the well-trained regular army of Mexico should make the work of pacification easy. Order was what Diaz made the main end of his policy, so that the country might turn to work and self-improvement; and order he has succeeded in enforcing for thirty-two years now, with the interval of the four years' Gonzalez administration in the early eighties. To that end the railways have been built with an eye to strategic as well as economic factors; the telegraph



brings news of sedition in an hour, where it once took days, and the transportation of troops is a matter of half-days instead of weeks. Revolution, therefore, has little time to gather impetus before it is attacked, and a standing army of 27,000 men should be sufficient to deal with anything outside of a national upheaval. But if there is nothing to fear from the present uprising, the question still comes up, whether the rule of the strong hand has not been too unrelaxed for the country's ultimate good. Order has brought prosperity; so we hear every day of Mexico, yet the actual figures are surprising. The census of 1879 showed a population of 9,908,000. This had increased to 12,490,000 in 1895, and to 13,605,000 in 1900. It must now be over fifteen millions. When Diaz became President in 1877, the revenue and expenditure of the government were each a little under thirty million dollars. For the fiscal year just ended, the revenue is estimated at \$98,835,000 and the expenditure at \$92,966,000. But the wealth of the country has increased in more than sufficient proportion. When Diaz became President in 1877, the value of the year's exports was \$29,285,000, and the imports two years earlier had reached a total of \$23,282,000. In the fiscal year 1905-06, the imports were worth \$220,650,000 and the exports \$271,138,000. Our own trade with Mexico in 1877-78 was worth \$19,735,000, of which we bought about two-thirds and sold one-third. In 1905-06 our trade with Mexico was worth \$325,600,000, of which we were buyers to the extent of \$180,000,000. In 1896, Mexico had 7,388 miles of railways. In 1906, there were 13,515 miles, or almost double. Diaz, therefore, means prosperity; but how if Diaz dies? A political dynasty cannot go on under Constitutional forms. Would not Diaz have done better if he had relinquished power a dozen years ago, in order to give the Mexican people a chance to show what they can do for themselves?

Havana's rejoicing over the first Spanish naval vessel to enter the harbor since 1898, probably blends sentiment with purpose. There must, of course, be thousands in the Cuban capital who were loyal to Spain during the last war of independence, and whose pride chafes at the thought of Cuba reduced to a dependent on Yankee protection, even when that protection is recognized as conducive to her material welfare. In all our discussions of Cuba's incapacity for self-government, the sensitive Spanish temper can easily discern the note of contempt, as though the descendants of the conquistadores were on a plane with those we call the inferior races. So it may be a consolation to emphasize the point that, though political bonds may break, blood still binds Cuba's lead-

ing citizens to a European nation with a glorious past. The Nautilus may fly the flag of former oppression, but it is now a clear title to good descent, fit for flaunting in the face of upstart Anglo-Saxons who glory in mere success. It is as much as saying that, though our exports to Spain have fallen from \$8,000,000 in 1894 to \$700,000 in 1906, we are still the people of the Cid and Cervantes.

Being a very practical race, the British will often lash themselves into a fury over nothing in particular. At the present moment many people are anxious to find out whether Mr. Smuts, who is a member of the Boer Ministry in the Transvaal, really did say that one hundred years from now the British flag would not be flying in South Africa. In the heat of direct charge, circumstantial argument, and mere inference, no one seems to have stopped to consider what the harm would be if Mr. Smuts had really uttered so startling a sentiment. Even the Germans, who foresee everything, would not greatly worry themselves over what is going to happen to Alsace-Lorraine, for instance, one hundred years from now. So much the less the English nation, whose pride it has been that it has managed to keep up a happy-go-lucky scramble through history for the last thousand years or so without looking much further ahead than its nose. In one hundred years South Africa may very well be an independent commonwealth, English-speaking, and governed by English ideals, but with a flag of its own. That is a condition which many statesmen are predicting for Canada in far less than a hundred years. It is a condition which may easily be realized in Australia. In both cases, Englishmen have been inclined to regard the outcome with equanimity; and undoubtedly to South Africa, too, the mother country would be willing to allow any drafts on the future payable a century hence, provided South Africa promised to behave during the next ten years. But prophets of empire have been so busily dinning the dangers of empire into English ears, that the Anglo-Saxon has become, as he says, "jumpy." Now his island is being washed away by the waves; now his coal is giving out; now his racial stock is degenerating. And every warning to Britain is driven fast home with the scare that the Germans will get her, if, as Eugene Field used to say, she—don't—watch—out.

The new German Finance Minister has at last allowed some of his schemes for making both ends meet to leak out. For one thing, he is going to execute his predecessor's plan of an increased tax on tobacco and beer. This is cer-

tain to arouse violent opposition on the part of the Left, which cannot be expected to approve of anything that makes the workingman pay more for these two luxuries. To make up for this, Herr Sydow has abandoned the idea of a government brandy monopoly—doubtless in view of the severe criticism of the scheme in all quarters. The existing tax on brandy, if equalized, can readily be made to produce from \$12,500,000 to \$17,500,000 more annually, particularly if the favors now shown to a small circle of rural manufacturers be done away with. There will be an increased inheritance tax, and it is hinted that the individual States may be inspired to try a direct income tax. The most encouraging thing in Herr Sydow's announcement is the reiteration of his desire to make the overhauling of the financial system thoroughgoing. Somehow or other he is bound to get out of his new taxes the sum of \$200,000,000 annually. Unless this is to weigh heavily on those least able to bear it, there must be a radical reorganization of the entire financial system. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note, the situation is grave enough to compel the army authorities to give up for the moment their plea for several new regiments.

The German university world has been stirred to its depths by the sudden creation of a fourth professorship of economics at the University of Berlin, and the immediate appointment to it of a young teacher at the University of Kiel. For years past the three chairs of economics at Berlin have been held by Professors Wagner, Schmoller, and Sering—men of world-wide reputation, who have been assisted by four or five "extraordinary" professors and a swarm of docents. There was, therefore, not the slightest necessity, from the teaching point of view, of creating a new professorship. But early in this month the university authorities were astounded to receive from the Ministry of Education the notice that a new chair had been founded, and that Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, thirty-two years of age, had been appointed to it. The Ministry explained that, owing to certain circumstances requiring haste, there had been no time to sound the university authorities, as was the invariable custom; nor had it either consulted the Prussian Diet, but had used for this purpose certain emergency funds given to it for an entirely different purpose. The real reason, it appears, is that Professor Bernhard has published a study of the Poles in Prussia which supported the government in its anti-Polish crusade. Having received a call from a South German university, he was about to accept it and give up his Polish studies, when the government intervened.

## MR. CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland had the good fortune to be identified with a great political enthusiasm. The lift and hope and zeal of the Presidential campaign of 1884 now seem far away, but at the time the hearts of thousands of our bravest and best burned within them as they saw the great opportunity and fought the great battle. They had a cause and they had a man. Long denied reforms sprang to new promise; and a leader who simply could not be made afraid was there to embody those governmental virtues for lack of which the country was sick unto death. The result was that even cynics were stirred out of their indifference, while generous youth were banded together and inspired as they had been by no man since Lincoln. It was a wonderful re-birth in American politics; and to have quickened all that aspiration, to have called out that devotion, and to have held it, through good report and through ill, for twelve years, would make the fame of any public man secure.

The personal qualities of the man fell happily with the needs of the time. Mr. Cleveland was called by James Russell Lowell a typical American. The unaffected simplicity, the clear honesty, the direct thinking, the plainness of speech, the homely but solid virtues of the President to whom Lowell offered his resignation as Minister to England, appeared to that shrewd and cosmopolitan scholar and observer to be racy of the soil. It was a great thing that such a four-square man could be found to stand against the brilliant but tricky and untrustworthy candidate who threatened to degrade at once the Presidency and our public life. The issue was never more sharply one of character, and character won. Without eloquence or personal magnetism or social graces, the blunt, rugged, tenacious, calm, and unshakable man won a hold upon the American people which he never lost.

Behind the man, stood great political causes, which he partly found and partly made. The people were suspicious of corruption, and appalled at schemes of public plunder. Thrift and economy were officially despised; extravagance which meant waste was everywhere the watchword of politicians. But Mr. Cleveland, from the time of his service as Mayor of Buffalo till the hour when he vetoed the dependent-pension bill, was the resolute enemy of every job or plan to squander the public money. "This is a time for plain speech," he wrote, in vetoing a legislative measure which he told its backers was "a most barefaced, impudent, and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people." It was such forthright moral indignation, with courage in taking corrupt politicians by the throat, which drew the attention and admiration of

the country and made Mr. Cleveland President.

There was then a feeling abroad that party machines were getting the better of the people. Representative government seemed to be failing to represent. Men had an uneasy perception that public affairs were managed by little cliques of politicians for their own advantage. Looking about for a leader to fight the battle against the manipulators and the plunderers, they discovered Grover Cleveland. They saw him, as Executive at Albany, attacking tyrannous politicians, and they longed to see him clothed with the powers of the Executive at Washington in order to wage the same war on a larger scale. That was the great reform aspiration which Mr. Cleveland exemplified and satisfied. Not ambitious new policies, not dazzling programmes of national aggrandizement, were what the country wanted, but a purified public service and a heightened vigor of administration. To that work Mr. Cleveland was called, and in it he wrought with quiet heroism. Himself a man of iron industry, the infection of his spirit spread. To do the necessary work of the government honestly, intelligently, and economically was ever his motto, and it became that of his entire Administration. He did not know the formidable nature of the task he had undertaken. Looking back in 1888, he said: "I knew that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their enormous power, nor the tenacity of their grasp." But that meant, for him, only the greater energy and resolution in attacking them. For what he did in rescuing the civil service from the spoilsmen, and in toning up everywhere the idea of the faithful public servant, he will long be remembered as a great administrator.

Mr. Cleveland took the Presidency amid the gibes of the opposing party, which thought then, as it thinks now, that it alone is fit to rule; but he soon showed the country that it had a true statesman. He was as steady as a rock. When new questions arose, he calmly confronted them with independent judgment and massive common sense. In the wild storm of financial upheaval, he kept his head. That the silver madness had swept away a majority of his own party did not make it in his mind less a madness. His course in that matter alone was sufficient to keep his memory green among American statesmen. His letter to Mr. Lamar, shortly after his second election, showed with what rare sagacity he foresaw the coming of that free-silver tempest which was to make his last term in office one long agony, but he went on simply to do his duty without complaint or thought of flinching. In view of what he did to avert the financial dishonor of the nation, Senator Allison might well exclaim, in a

burst of frankness, "It was God's mercy to this country that Grover Cleveland, and not Harrison, was elected President."

Disputes about the measure of Mr. Cleveland's greatness are futile. It is said that he was a commonplace man. This is not the view of disinterested observers like Mr. Bryce, who have been struck by the grasp of Mr. Cleveland's mind, and his large way of looking at all questions. If his characteristic virtues were commonplace, then may Heaven send us more commonplace men! He did a work which would have broken a genius, and driven a creature of public flattery to despair. His monument is not only the impress of his integrity and a long record of useful legislation, but a vaster mass of foolish and wicked laws which he kept from enactment. He was the arch-enemy of jobbers; he maintained the public credit; he flung himself upon the entrenched and insolent beneficiaries of the protective tariff; he conquered the hearts of a democracy that has not lost its instinct for a real man. If that be not greatness, no man need desire to be great.

## TAFT PROLOGIZES.

Mr. Taft has been writing freely of his conceptions of the Presidency and of the policy which his party ought to pursue. We will not suggest an imitation: Mr. Roosevelt wrote of the Presidency before he attained it, but it is doubtless only a coincidence that his Secretary of War should have done the same thing. In any event, Mr. Taft's article in *Collier's Weekly* on the duties of the President contains much good sense. One likes especially his emphatic protest against the folly of a would-be President tying himself up in political bargains which will fatally hamper him in case of his election. "He must," says candidate Taft, "draw the line at any compact which will not leave him free of promises and of the control of any faction." Those words should be underscored and sent to the United States Senators from Ohio. And they ought to be framed and hung up before Mr. Hitchcock, or whoever the Chairman of the National Committee may be. It would do no harm if a copy were left at Oyster Bay.

The long experience of Secretary Taft in administrative work, and his nearly by observation, speak in what he has to say of "the strain of countless interviews" which a President has to undergo. This is a necessary evil, eating up time and exhausting nervous energy, but it is a question if it might not be greatly cut down. Probably at least half of the callers at the White House go there on the business of office-hunting. Office-beggars and office-mongers have been the great devastators of the President's day. They worried Lincoln almost more



than the war. But it should surely be possible for a resolute and reforming President to disperse a part of this noisome swarm about his ears. By extending in every possible way the merit system; by placing the responsibility of routine appointments upon his heads of departments, and summarily referring his importunate visitors to them; by refusing to make needless changes in the offices, the Chief Executive could get rid of a good part of his pesterers, and save time and thought for the really important affairs of state.

Mr. Taft displays a sure sense of proportion in remarking that it is essential for a President to keep in touch with disinterested public opinion. He has to be on his guard against "the fair words of the special pleader." Now, of course, it is the special pleaders who throng and press about a President. Hence the vital importance of seeking information and advice from those out of office, to enable him to arrive at the truth. It is proverbial that no one in the President's immediate entourage tells him the truth. That he must search for and welcome elsewhere. Presidents have been known to resent the intrusion of a friend, dealing faithful wounds. We have heard a story of one such going to Mr. Roosevelt, and prefacing the unpleasant thing he had to say by remarking: "I am a man who doesn't want anything." "Then why do you come here," retorted the President, "to waste my time?" This was doubtless jocose. Presidential time cannot better be utilized than in listening to plain speech from those who desire only the public good. Secretary Taft seems to be strongly of that mind, since he dwells upon the great advantage which comes to the President by consulting freely with those who "view public affairs unselfishly."

We cannot take as much satisfaction in Mr. Taft's other article—that on "The Republican Party," in the *Yale Courant*. His discussion of protection and of tariff revision is peculiarly disappointing. True, he declares that it is high time the Dingley tariff were overhauled, some of the rates in it being "too high." He also pronounces against customs duties of a sort to "furnish a temptation to the formation of monopolies to appropriate the undue profit of excessive rates." This is further than the Chicago platform dared go. Yet when Mr. Taft comes to explain his ideas about revising the tariff, he betrays no mind to go to the root of the matter. He would have a tariff that would "properly protect against foreign competition," and would "afford a reasonable profit to all manufacturers, farmers, and business men." A pretty large order! Why not call upon the miraculous tariff to afford reasonable profit also to lawyers and editors, bricklayers and seamstresses? Possibly, the Secretary in-

tends them under his broad term, "all business men." At any rate, if there are any failures in the United States after Mr. Taft becomes President and gets the wonder-working tariff law he desires, we shall all want to know the reason why.

In all this talk about a tariff to "equalize the cost of production" and to insure a "reasonable profit," one sees only confusion of ideas and a readiness to play, consciously or otherwise, into the hands of the high-tariff leeches. When they say, "cost of production," they do not mean the cost scientifically determined, but merely the nominal rate of wages. Yet, as Mr. Schwab testified before the Industrial Commission, giving much higher wages than foreigners pay, Americans can produce steel cheaper than they. Yet there stand the Dingley steel schedules to "properly protect" us against foreign competition—a protection which results in our having to pay more for manufactures of iron and steel than the same articles are sold for by the same people to the dreaded foreigner! And when it comes to a question of "reasonable profit" to the Steel Corporation, no doubt Mr. Taft's fellow-L.L.D. at Yale, Mr. Morgan, would explain to him that it was only "reasonable" to have a tariff that would pay dividends on \$400,000,000 of water! That way lies small hope of real tariff revision.

#### BRYAN'S FLATTERING UNCTION.

All the news from Lincoln is that Mr. Bryan feels not only sure of nomination, but confident of election. That, however, is an old sensation with him. All candidates, in fact, have it. To any man conscious of his fitness for the highest office in the nation, it is inconceivable that the majority of the voters should not be of the same mind with himself. Even Greeley expected to win at the polls: the *Tribune* proved mathematically that he would. Bryan is not the first, and will not be the last, to see rose-color. Yet his stoutest opponent may as well frankly admit that he has a chance. In a year of such confused politics and disrupted business, no one can tell what answer the oracle of the popular vote will give in November. Talk about campaigns from the rear car! The 300,000 idle freight cars may prove to be more effective spellbinders than any orators that the Republicans can send out.

While it is only common prudence to look the facts full in the face, it does not in the least follow that Mr. Bryan is the strongest candidate whom the Democrats could name, or that his plan of campaign is the shrewdest. The plea is put forth that Bryan could poll more votes than any other Democrat. That may be true, yet it might also be true that he would be defeated while another

candidate might be elected. This is not a paradox. The trouble with Bryan's great vote, conceding that he gets it, is that it does not fall in the strategic States. He has undeniably a large and devoted personal following. If he were hostile to a rival who might be put in nomination, that proprietary vote of his could not or would not be cast for the party ticket. That was pretty clearly shown in 1904. In that sense, it may be correct to say that Bryan can get more votes than he will permit any other Democrat to secure. But his ballots are not placed right. Gov. Johnson, for example, might have a total population smaller than Bryan's, yet by carrying Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, New York, and New Jersey, would get a majority in the electoral college where Bryan could not.

Elmer Dover, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, declares in Washington that the real fighting of the campaign will be in the Middle West. There, he says, is where Bryan has his greatest strength, and there, he implies, is where the Republicans have their most acute anxieties. According to him, Bryan will practically concede New York and New Jersey, and put up only a sham fight in those States. If Mr. Dover believes that, he will believe anything. A mere glance at the table showing the representation in the electoral college, and a little figuring with pencil and paper, will show that a Democratic plan of campaign which leaves New York and New Jersey to the enemy is doomed to failure. Mr. Bryan knows this as well as the next man. Whatever his exertions in the Middle West, we may be certain that he will spare no effort, and omit no bargain, to carry New York. One of his chief fuglemen at Denver is saying that he will get this State by 50,000. That is the only way of making his campaign look at all promising.

Our amateur political cipherers overlook the great change made by the last apportionment act of Congress which fixes, too, the representation in the electoral college. Most of their calculations are based upon the old combination of the Solid South with two or three selected States in the North. The Solid South, with New York, New Jersey, and either Connecticut or Indiana, used to suffice. It does so no longer. Under the new apportionment, the Solid South gained ten votes, but the Northern States, including Oklahoma, gained twenty-six. This destroys the old equation. To-day, Bryan might get the Solid South with 169 votes, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, with 58 more, and still be short of an election. Throw in Oklahoma with 7 votes, and he would still lack 8 of a majority. Along those lines, he could be barely saved by carrying his own State with 8 votes, or have a slight margin with Indiana's 15.



Look at it how you will, New York is practically indispensable to the success of any Democrat this year. If it be true that Mr. Bryan is prepared to surrender this State, with New Jersey, in advance, he is surrendering the whole campaign in advance. There is hopeful talk of his carrying Ohio this year; he might do that, with Iowa thrown in, and still be beaten for lack of New York's 39 electoral votes. He might carry Ohio, Illinois, and Nebraska, yet lose if New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut went against him. It is, indeed, barely possible that a political revolution might sweep the Middle West, and make Mr. Bryan President without a single Eastern State; but sober people planning campaigns do not reckon upon the aid of miracles. And lacking a miracle in politics, the Empire State remains the key to the coming electoral battle.

No delegate at Denver who will coolly examine the figures and the probabilities, can deny that the nomination of Mr. Bryan will simply throw away thousands of votes in the critical States. They would go enthusiastically for Judge Gray, or Gov. Johnson, or Judson Harmon; they will never be cast for Mr. Bryan. The New York *Sun* publishes a letter written by Mr. Bryan in 1900, in which he said: "I cannot conscientiously ask the party to consider me again for the Presidency. I led them to defeat eight years, and that ought to be enough for any man." If he really put the success of his party to-day above personal vanity, he would withdraw in favor of a candidate before whom defeat did not visibly yawn.

#### ASPECTS OF INDIVIDUALISM.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: Whatever you may have learned in this place will be of little value unless it teaches you some consistent attitude toward the great problems of life, with which every man must concern himself, whether he will or no. If you go forth without some such philosophy of life, you go into the world rudderless and chartless.

These words from President Hadley's baccalaureate address set one wondering how many college men are entering upon the world with philosophical chart and rudder? If the test of the university is ability to provide a vital philosophy of conduct, which one shall stand? There was a time, perhaps, when the denominational colleges sent out good Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, with consistent Episcopal, Baptist, and Presbyterian attitudes toward life. We have changed all that. Denominational lines have broken up, and philosophical lines are dissolving. When comparative religion is taught, the hearers become comparatively religious. When philosophy is taught, not by philosophers, but by students of the history of philosophy, the learner may easily

come to despise all systems. Only he who insists upon nothing can pass for a fair-minded man. In dispassionately presenting for choice four different ideals of conduct, the Epicurean, the Ascetic, the Stoic, and the Christian, each having its own peculiar virtue, President Hadley indicates the universal indecisiveness and, in matters intellectual, the individualism, of the hour.

A solution of the difficulty is offered by Arthur Owen Simmons in the June *Westminster Review*, speaking from an ultra-liberal point of view. The forms of religion are manifold, he says, "yet all have the same task to fulfil. Each has to discover, to quicken, to develop the spiritual force or faculty, which, within every one, lies hidden and dormant till found and awakened." It matters very little, he contends, which form does the wakening. The son may not rise to the alarm which roused the father. The weakness is "in the system which imparts only one creed to one person." Mr. Simmons proposes a comprehensive religious elective system by which each one in the public schools shall receive for forty-five minutes a day whatever instruction he desires. The plan is called by its author "the 'individual' solution." Its justification seems to rest upon a belief that the youthful mind, uncoerced by outer authority, will, if a sufficiently extensive banquet is set out, instinctively bite into its own appropriate religious viand. When the doctor can't decide, let the patient prescribe for himself. The weakest spot in the theory is the total neglect of human nature's fundamental craving for authority in religion.

French practice, outrunning English radical theory, has carried individualism to its logical extreme. M. Compayré, writing in *La Revue*, thinks it is high time to sound a retreat. Moral dilettantism, he declares, is uncontestedly in fashion. On every side some one is saying: There are morals and morals; the immorality of to-day may be the moral ideal of to-morrow. The subtle venom of Nietzsche's troubling dreams has penetrated into the French spirit. It is not confined to aesthetic circles. It may be detected even in such an eminent educator as M. Payot. "Duty," says he, "consists in living an intense life." "Doubtless," replies M. Compayré, "we can no longer hold up as an ideal, effacement of personality and restriction of one's being; but is there not, nevertheless, some danger in proclaiming that the supreme goal is 'intensity of life'?" Walter Pater thought so when he suppressed his famous dictum: "To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame, to sustain this ecstasy, is success in life."

That all attempts to impart moral ideas to the child are humbug and nonsense is a conclusion not attained at a single leap, continues M. Compayré. First came the suppression of strictly

religious instruction; it would not do to scandalize the atheists! Then the inculcation of patriotic notions was ended under the pretext that such things are questions of personal conscience, of individual taste, which the free will of the pupil may answer in its own fashion. One schoolmaster thought he ought to suppress in a new edition of a copy-book such phrases as these: "In order to be a good Frenchman, one must prepare to be a soldier; no country is so deserving of love as France." This is not the worst—as M. Faguet says: "The basis of Nietzsche's teaching is this: There is no education."

In a recent educational review, we learn that "to declare that education is the art of making gentlemen is to affirm that we know what constitutes a gentleman. We know what that pretension comes to." Yet to take that point of view is to deny civilization. It is to wash one's hands of the whole matter. But what, then, will become of society and morality? Oh, for the heroic age, exclaims M. Compayré, the age of gold, when instructors applied themselves to giving information about moral truths, founded upon reason and good sense, consecrated by the experience of the ages, by the universal conscience of gentlemen! Even that would not seem to get us much further ahead with the problem of religious teaching, in a day when Professor James can say that, whatever the Creator may be, it is certain that He is "no gentleman."

#### PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 19.

In the favorite line of modern reading "about" literature a few books have appeared. "Dante," by Pierre Gauthiez, is a book of essays on the poet's life, so far as it may be known from his works and documents at first hand, of which a bibliography is given. The author is an artist, as might be gathered from the dozen plates he reproduces from original sources. He has taken thirty years to prepare this book—ever since the time when he won his first fame by studies of Aretino and Giordano Bruno. In the publications of the Institut Catholique de Lille (a sort of unauthorized university) Prof. Albert Delplanque has two volumes of historical interest in language and literature: "Saint François de Sales" considered as a humanist and writer of Latin; and the much-vexed, very human, and philosopher-like correspondence of Fénelon on "pure love" and Quietism, which was evidently more philosophically important than Modernism and Pragmatism are now. The latter is a contribution to the unpublished correspondence of the great archbishop.

In the late A. de Boislisle's definitive edition of the "Mémoires de Saint-Simon" the twentieth volume (1700-1711) has appeared, with Saint-Simon's additions to the *Journal* of Dangeau, and various additions, corrections, and tables of the editor, Georges Pellissier, whose well-classified ideas on nineteenth-century literature have made his

books as well known abroad as in France, displays his usual merits and limits in "Voltaire philosophe." He treats in succession of Voltaire in the fields of metaphysics and physics, religion, morals, and politics. He praises the intelligence and criticises the lack of imagination, which perhaps explains the restricted field of the philosopher's common sense. In "Voltaire mourant" Frédéric Lachèvre reproduces the necessary but uncomfortable account of the philosopher's death. The manuscript was hitherto unpublished, although the legends which grew from it based many a sermon in Puritan America on the death of the infidel. In reality an old man, whose life had been made sweet to him, was unwilling to die, and "revolted against God and nature." The little volume contains other unpublished Voltairian documents of less gruesome and less general interest. Dr. E. T. Hamy edits the unpublished Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt with François Arago during their long personal and scientific friendship (1809 to 1853). This, too, belongs to literature, with the human interest enduring after the science has ceased to be timely. In "Alfred de Vigny et son temps (1797-1863)," Léon Séché gives another of his curiously gossip books, from unpublished documents, on the poet's family, origin, loves, religion, and the rest. Alfred de Vigny's drama holds the stage, but his poems are studied rather than read in France; he embodied the futile leaning of middle classes and nobility toward English ideals during the half-century succeeding the Revolution.

Alfred Mézières, eighty-two years old, fifty-four years a university professor of foreign literatures, of which forty-five have been at the Sorbonne, thirty-four years an Immortal of the French Academy, and twenty-seven years a member of Parliament, with the army commission as his specialty, publishes the discursive thought of kindly age on various things, "Hors de France," in Italy, Spain, England, and modern Greece.

Ernest Daudet, whose very great literary merit should not be overshadowed by the fame of his brilliant younger brother, Alphonse, comes out with a novel, "Au Galop de la vie," after a long interval devoted to the history of the Emigration and Bourbon Restoration. It is a novel of our own times by a liberally conservative observer. The statesman who crosses its pages will easily be recognized as the late Waldeck-Rousseau, letting loose political campaigns whose social and emotional consequences he could neither foresee nor forestall, still less confine within the limits he had set to their working.

"Nietzschéenne," by the favorite woman novelist, Daniel Lesueur (Madame Henry Lapauze), shows by its name that the heroine is not without literature; and she is regarded from the "intellectual" point of view. That Nietzsche should enter into current French life, even by the backdoor of a novel, is a striking comment on the sweep of his philosophy. The lady who writes under the name of Ossit publishes "Cyrène," a love romance like "Ilse," which won first fame for her. "Antoinette," by Romain Rolland, gives in a separate story the fifth episode of his musical hero, Jean-Christophe; he is this time in Paris, where his author is professor of the history of music at the Sorbonne. The women's

academy gave its prize to this unending romance in 1906. S. D.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The manuscript of the continuation of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America," which has been prepared under Mr. Eames's direction by the help of a grant from the Carnegie Institution, is nearly completed and it is expected that the printing will begin during the summer. The first part of the work was issued in January, 1867, and up to the time of Mr. Sabin's death in 1881 thirteen volumes had been published, bringing the work down to the letter O. Mr. Eames then took Mr. Sabin's manuscript and parts were published at intervals until 1872, when the first part of Vol. XIX., ending with Henry Hollingsworth Smith, was published. Although Mr. Eames's name nowhere appears in these later volumes, it is well known that the work is largely his and, as constant users of the work, we may say that his portion is much more accurate and fuller than the earlier volumes. The motto quoted from Ant à Wood, which appears upon the title of each volume, is peculiarly appropriate to the undertaking: "A painfull work it is I'll assure you, and more than difficult, wherein what toyle hath been taken no man thinketh so no man believeth, but he has made the trial." Copies to the number of 525 were printed on small paper, and 110 copies on large paper. A considerable portion of several of the later parts were destroyed in a fire and complete sets are very rare. A large-paper set of the nineteen volumes brought \$393.75 at Libbie's in 1901 and small paper sets have several times brought \$200 or more, at auction.

Proposals for the publication by subscription of a Canadian bibliography have been issued by A. H. O'Brien, barrister at law, and L. J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa. The plan is to include books and pamphlets relating to Canada and Newfoundland from the earliest date to the present and it is estimated that the total number of titles will be about sixteen thousand.

The five volumes of Milton, "Lycidas," 1633, "Poems," 1645, "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667, and "Paradise Regained," 1670, were sold as one lot at Sotheby's on June 4 for £515. Other important items at the same sale brought the following prices: Drayton's "England's Heroical Epistles," 1600, in the original vellum binding, £50; Drayton's "Poems Lyrick and Pastorall," n. d., but 1605, probably Heber's copy, £30; Quarles's "Emblems," 1635, earliest form without the Latin verses by Benlowes, original black morocco, £34; Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," 1650, £30; Vaughan's "Olor Iscanus," 1651, £17; Herbert's "The Temple," 1633, £41; Sir William Barclay's "The Lost Lady," 1838 (it is said that only two other copies are known), £40; George Scot's "Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America," 1685, the first issue, a fine copy in the original calf, £120; Edward Williams's "Virginia, more especially the South Part thereof richly and truly valued," second edition, 1650, £12 15s.

Six quarto volumes, being the manuscript diary of Mrs. Piozzi, friend of Dr. Johnson, brought the astonishing price of £2,050, and were bought under the name of "Barclay." The first entry which explains the origin and purpose of the record is as follows:

It is many years since Dr. Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little Book and write in it all the little Anecdotes which might come to my knowledge, all the Observations I might make or hear, all the Verses never likely to be published, and in fine everything which struck me at the Time. Mr. Thrale has now treated me with a Repository—and provided it with the pompous Title of Thraliana.

The last entry, dated March 30, 1809, reads:

Everything most dreaded has ensued . . . all is over, and my second Husband's Death is the last thing recorded in my first husband's Present! Cruel Death!

When Mr. Hayward wrote his "Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," he said:

"Thraliana," which at one time she thought of burning, is now in the possession of Mr. Salusbury, who deemed it of too delicate and private a character to be submitted to strangers, but has kindly supplied me with some curious passages and much valuable information extracted from it.

Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi) was a Miss Salusbury. Other manuscripts by her, books from her library including her Bible, and some of her correspondence including forty-one letters of Dr. Johnson to her, were also disposed of.

## Correspondence.

### CULTURE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with interest Prof. George B. Adams's letter to the *Nation* (May 28) on the "Proper Work of a Graduate School." This work, according to Professor Adams, should be purely technical and professional—the training of the investigator and, as he somewhat vaguely adds, of "the teacher of the higher grades." The college, he continues, may properly encourage culture. Now, inasmuch as college teachers are mainly recruited from the graduate school, where, one inevitably inquires, are these teachers to acquire the culture they are to impart to undergraduates? One might suppose that Professor Adams looked on culture as a by-product of research; but he goes on to say that the "object of a graduate school is not culture; it is scholarship"—in other words, "culture" and "scholarship" are, even in the literary and historical fields, things entirely distinct and separate. We need not be surprised that men who are thus trained purely as investigators in the graduate school should, when they try to stand for culture in the college, run the risk, as Professor Adams puts it, of giving "soft" or "snap" courses. It does not need a deep psychologist, but merely an observer of existing conditions, to know that the "scientific" student of linguistics or literary history does not, in his actual handling of literature as something apart from philology, differ essentially from the dilettante.

Inasmuch as so many of our graduate students are to go forth to teach the humanities, why not try to give them a train-



ing that shall itself be broad, liberalizing, and humane? I venture to repeat the suggestion I have made on various occasions during the past five years, that our universities establish graduate honors in literature to be administered in connection with the A.M., and to be somewhat on the same order as the French *agrégation*; in short, that they offer a degree that shall stand primarily for reflection and assimilation as well as a degree like the doctorate that stands primarily for research. The humanistic tradition is at present weakening in France along with other traditions, and some of the younger French scholars are showing an almost German inability to distinguish between literary and scientific standards. However, the day is still distant, we may surmise, when a Frenchman can become a teacher of literature in either lycée or university without a severe preliminary discipline extending over years in reflective and assimilative work. We do not hear complaints that the *agrégés* give "snap" courses. On the contrary, the danger with both teachers and taught in France is a sort of intellectual over-training joined to an undue neglect of that physical training on which we ourselves put an even exaggerated estimate.

The signs are multiplying of late of dissatisfaction with our higher education, of a feeling that it is failing to meet certain needs and aspirations of American life. There is a growing impatience at the present domination of the German Ph.D.; impatience at the infliction of philologists upon our colleges as teachers of the humanities; impatience at the men who do not see any necessary connection between scholarship and culture. Prof. Brander Matthews, in his letter to the *Nation* of the same date, would apparently wave aside the expression that Dr. Sherman has given to the existing discontent as "grotesque" and "fantastic." But would it not be wiser for our Eastern universities to recognize frankly this discontent, inquire into its causes, and make a more serious effort than they seem to be making at present, to find a remedy?

IRVING BABBITT.

Paris, France, June 11.

#### THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 1820, when Hawthorne was sixteen years old, he wrote to his sister a letter in which he told her among other things, what he had been reading:

I have bought the "Lord of the Isles," and intend either to send or to bring it to you. I like it as well as any of Scott's other poems. I have read Hogg's "Tales," "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and "Mandeville." I admire Godwin's novels, and intend to read them all. I shall read "The Abbot," by the author of "Waverley," as soon as I can hire it. I have read all Scott's novels except that. I wish I had not, that I might have the pleasure of reading them again. Next to these I like "Caleb Williams." I have almost given up writing poetry.

It is a good list for the casual reading of a boy of sixteen; not startling, to be sure; very likely it would be easy to find a longer one among the records of Hawthorne's contemporaries. It is probable, too, that one could find boys of sixteen today, and not necessarily our future Hawthornes—if any such there be—who read as widely. Still, we have reason to believe

that such cases are more exceptional today than they were a generation or so ago. Even within ten years we think we have seen a change come over the spirit of our young people. Now they seem to take their literature in the shape of admission requirements, with a wry face and hope for the future, instead of sipping it "like a glass of port, that it may do them good at the time." The case may be typified by the expression of a schoolboy, speaking in rare frankness of his English course to a former teacher. "I could have stood it all right," he said, "if it hadn't been for those damned gods." He seems to have been referring directly to "sage Hippotades" and "Camus, reverend sire," but the expression opens up a wider vista in one's mind. If we reflect on the anathema it becomes almost symbolic. Milton and Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens, are the condemned divinities about whom the twilight is gathering.

"No, for we'll save them!" is the cry of the teachers of English, and they rush from school and college to organize a solid front against the insidious enemy. Almost at once they find themselves at cross purposes. "We must strike from the college admission requirements the list of books for study," says one, "otherwise the pupil will never learn to appreciate what he reads." Another is equally sure that the list of books for careful study must be maintained, for without them, he declares, there will be no accurate reading. If at this stage you ask for a definition of the object that the entrance requirements are to attain, you are directed to the college catalogues that call for "accurate, intelligent, and appreciative reading" on the part of the pupils. That this is the ideal no one will deny, but under the discussion there lies always the assumption that reading on the part of secondary school pupils cannot be both accurate and appreciative.

How, then, shall we meet the dilemma? We might grant the assumption that, with things as they are, we are not likely to get both accurate and appreciative reading, and arrange our admission requirements on that basis. We might do well to give up altogether our requirement of appreciative reading, and save the gods if we can by keeping them within the walls of the colleges where they seem safer on the whole than they are in the schools. This would mean treating English in the schools very much as other subjects are treated, mathematics for example, for which there seems to be little or no attempt to arouse enthusiasm. In the case of mathematics a boy is required to learn before entering college only so much as it is necessary he should know in order to pursue higher courses or to count his change in the street car. No one since Gilbert and Sullivan has tried to give any new interest to binomials, or to make cheerful the necessary "facts about the square of the hypothenuse." A similar requirement in English would mean two things. In preparation for college courses in literature the boy would be required to know the elements, the stories of which literature is made, the myths and legends of the nations. In order to go on with composition, and to count his change in the conversational market place, he should know the English language.

For the first he should know "Æsop's Fables," and the standard stories from the

"Arabian Nights." He should know Greek myths and heroes as he might learn them from Hawthorne, or from Church's "Stories from Homer" and "Stories from the Greek Tragedians," and the Roman stories and heroes from Livy and Plutarch. He should learn the mythology of the North, and the heroes of the nations, the Cid, Roland, Arthur and his knights. Above all, he should know the Bible, or at least the Old Testament stories. Perhaps this would be enough. If you begin on the "Tales from Shakespeare," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the gods would be in danger again. These might be left to teachers who wished to use them, or for college courses. In composition the requirement would be spelling, grammar, punctuation, sentence and paragraph structure, and some rudimentary ideas of unity and coherence; more, if possible, but these at least.

This should be a course in heroes, but not in hero worship. Teach the boy the facts as it were in history or geography, and let them be tested in the same way. Teach him to write on anything you like so long as he writes correctly. Leave the great books unspoiled for him; teach him the stories in whatever form you choose, tell them to him if you like without the intervention of any books. When he comes to college he will have a background for his teachers to fill in—at least, he will not say, as a student did recently, that Christ was the shepherd of King Admetus! Then let him learn to read appreciatively after he gets to college, if he has not picked it up for himself before.

This requirement is based on the assumption that, things being as they are, we are not likely to get both accuracy and appreciation in school classes, and what is more, that of the two we had better give up the appreciation. The other assumption, that we might better give up accuracy, is the basis of another plan which has been proposed. It acknowledges our responsibility to pupils who do not go to college, declaring that since the admission requirements shape the English courses in the schools, they should be so framed as to make a course that would be valuable to a pupil who goes no farther. The suggestion is that the admission examinations be based on a four year school course in English literature, consisting of appreciative reading of the main authors, with an adequate background of literary history and biography. Certainly, the theory of our responsibility to pupils who do not go to college demands grave consideration. The question is, whether or not, even with the list of books "for careful study" abolished, we can get appreciative reading in secondary school classes. Without appreciative reading such a course would tend to hasten rather than avert the threatened twilight of our literary gods. Might it not be better, even in the case of pupils who are not going to college, to lay a foundation for future appreciation, or, if the right teacher is at hand, to give them a glimpse of the gods in their glory in the last year of the course? Indeed, if the right teacher is at hand, there is no reason why appreciation of literature should not go with such a course as this paper has outlined. Most of the stories suggested can be had in good literary form, as in the case of Hawthorne's



"Wonder Book," or Plutarch's "Lives," and the book-loving teacher could make many excursions into the adjacent fields. The course is suggested as one which, in the hands of the best teacher, would do all that we could desire, and in the hands of a less gifted teacher would do all that the colleges need require.

It is a plan, of course, to which many objections can be made, but to most such the answer is, that it is not supposed to be ideal—that has already been explained—but a system that might work to the end we wish with the teachers and pupils we have. It would seem also to bring about the separation now called for between composition and literature. The call in itself seems a sign of the times, a sign that some of the teachers do not look to literature, but to some unknown source for models of excellence in composition. The proposal here set forth is meant, then, to be a working plan, possibly practical, certainly far from ideal, a desperate measure to postpone or avert the threatened darkness.

ROBERT P. UTTER.

Amherst, Mass., June 18.

#### CLEVELAND.

Yes, quietly; drumbeat, nor trumpet's peal,  
Nor martial trampling, should the end proclaim  
Of this great civic life; the grief we feel  
No blazon asks; nor asketh aught his fame.

For his was that best courage peace tries best,—  
Sedate defiance of all clamors shrill;  
Scorn of mere shows; stern putting to the test  
Of men and causes; and unconquered will.

His, therefore, is this solemn pause of all,  
This deep remembrance of old ardors true—  
Dear as our youth—in us who, at his call,  
Bared stripling arms plain patriot work to do.

Silence, keep silence, o'er this wasted frame,—  
Wreck of that burly strength which once he gave.  
Better than drums, or outcry of his name,  
Is silence—and the woman by his grave.

W. G. BROWN.

Washington.

#### Notes.

Naturally the announcement that John D. Rockefeller will begin in October to contribute to the *World's Work* his "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," has caused some talk. There are people foolish enough to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller will

divulge any of the things they would really like to hear from him.

The Frank Allaben Genealogical Company of this city announces a series of biographies of distinguished Americans. The first to appear will be that of Gen. John Watts de Peyster, who died in 1907.

The forthcoming number of the *Dublin Review* contains an article on Shelley by the late Francis Thompson, found among his papers. The essay is said to reveal unknown powers in Thompson as a writer of prose.

Not many authors whose achievement, after all, is so slight are honored by so ample and handsome an edition as that in which David Nutt of London is bringing out the Complete Works of William Ernest Henley. Of the seven volumes which will make the set, four have already appeared, two of poetry and two of essays. The clear type and generous margins invite perusal, and, apart from any enticement so sensuous, there are many warm friends of Henley still living who have never been shocked by his so-called treachery to Stevenson, and who will prize this monument to his boisterous genius. Boisterous, we call it, although his verse, when needs be, can sink to a pretty, pathetic whisper. But the general effect on our ears, as we have gone through these four volumes, re-reading here and there his sufficiently familiar prose and verse, has been something like that of a rebellious, brawling brook, not deep and still or clear and melodious, but noisy and fretful of its banks. One likes a manly, fresh-air style; but through all Henley's writings runs a savage pursuit of the molly-coddle that grows monotonous after a while. One likes, too, a savage thrust at cant, British cant, now and then; but Henley's unceasing praise of unredeemed human nature makes us prudish Puritans once more. He overdoes it. On the whole, these faults are less conspicuous in his verse than his prose, less insolent where he expresses his own emotions than in his critical essays, where his chief desire is to slash at the emotions of other. An admirer of Byron or of Burns, as we profess to be, would, for instance, almost lose his taste for those poets—or for Henley—after reading Henley's jubilation over their ways and his contempt for any one who may think they were a trifle more irregular than is necessary for the training of genius. However, these are the excesses of a free lance among letters, of a knight who slew his hundreds in a day, and gloried in the slaughter. We welcome this admirable reprinting of his works—particularly of those essay-introductions which have been almost inaccessible heretofore.

Comparative statistics are not always pleasant reading, and those who have been revelling in the figures of American foreign trade during the recent years of prosperity, will have their spirits dampened if they glance at the supplementary table of "Finance and Commerce of Various Countries" in the "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1908, just published by the Macmillan Co. They will not only read that the per capita exports of the United Kingdom are more than double those of the United States, which is hardly surprising, but will probably rub their eyes to find that in proportion to its

population the kingdom of the Netherlands exports about six times as much as our country and Belgium three times as much, while Switzerland is barely below Belgium, with Denmark closely following. France, Germany, Norway, and Sweden are all ahead of us. Turning to the section on the Argentine Republic, the most flourishing of our South American "neighbors," we discover by a simple computation that its per capita exports are about three times as great as ours, which is a pretty good showing even when allowance has been made for the agricultural character of that country.

Volumes XI. and XII. of Worthington C. Ford's monumental edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office), following close upon Volume X., complete the record for 1778. Until the end of June Congress was at Yorktown; then, on the second of July it once more met at Philadelphia. The year was one of unbroken occupation, with sessions twice a day during the later months. The French treaties arrived in May and were promptly ratified, except Articles 11 and 12 of the treaty of commerce; and a congratulatory address to the public was presently issued. Gérard, the French minister, arrived July 10, and on August 6 was formally received by Congress; not, however, without anxious discussion regarding the ceremony proper for the occasion. In September, Franklin was chosen sole minister to France. The organization of the army made progress, so far as appearances went, with the appointment, May 5, of Steuben as inspector-general, while ten days later the complaints of the officers were met by a vote of half pay for seven years after the conclusion of the war. The detention of Burgoyne's army continued to be a source of irritation, but Congress refused to yield, and in October the troops, who had been detained for a year in Massachusetts, were ordered to Virginia, where they remained throughout the war. The persistent efforts of the British peace commissioners to negotiate first with Washington, then with Congress, and finally with individuals, ending in the failure of the mission and the publication by Congress of parts of the correspondence, fill a considerable space in the journal for several months. On the other hand, the pressure of the war is shown in the embargo on the exportation of provisions; in the ominous depreciation of the paper money, which, notwithstanding the solemn exhortation of Congress to the people of the States, circulated at the end of the year at about one-eighth of its face value in specie; and in the sale of tobacco and other commodities in government hands for the payment of debts. By the end of the year eleven States had ratified the Articles of Confederation. The Silas Deane controversy began with the arrival of Deane from France in July, although the formal inquiry did not open until August 15. On the ninth of December Henry Laurens, disgusted at the course of Congress in the matter, resigned the office of president, and John Jay was chosen in his place. Vol. XII. contains the usual index for the year, a list of committees, and a bibliography.

The second edition of Bliss's "Encyclopedia of Social Reform" (Funk & Wagnalls) has been thoroughly revised, and in its way

will prove as serviceable as its predecessor. The editor is nothing if not zealous in his faith that almost any proposed change in the social order must be a "reform," and his work comes perilously near meriting the designation of a "Dictionary of Cranks." Yet just this catholicity of taste makes the volume a convenient work of reference on social movements of the day. Thus, too, it comes about that in its pages such "undesirable" reformers as W. R. Hearst, Eugene V. Debs, John P. Altgeld, and W. D. Haywood brush elbows with the very elect such as Jacob Riis, Lyman Abbott, and J. B. Reynolds. The prohibitionists, woman suffragists, anarchists, parlor socialists, trade unionists, single taxers, social settlers, and all the others are fully represented; and if there be any alleged reform that has been omitted, it has not come to the reviewer's notice. Particularly interesting are the statements of the creed of some of the reformers. Professor —, we learn, "holds neither to individualism nor to collectivism, but avows as his creed social energism, of which the cardinal points are: minimization of wasteful conflict, maximization of coöperation, unleashing of human energy, diffusion of security, socialization of the higher goods of civilization, and conscious acceleration of progress." Mrs. — believes that "social life is organic, that industries are the organic functions of society, and that human work is not proportioned according to individual desire, but to the social energy previously supplied to the individual"; hence "she maintains that property rights inhere in the consumer's needs." Mr. — "believes that political economy should be enriched by dealing with ethical questions; and that all social reform grows out of new conditions, and must be treated from an evolutionary standpoint, ethics prevailing in the treatment." Somewhat more definite, if less inspiring, is the following:

He belongs to no one school, except as holding to the ethical view of political economy. He favors the referendum and initiative, proportional representation, arbitration and conciliation, trade unionism, the nationalization or municipalization of natural monopolies, and the complete governmental control of currency.

From these samples the reader may infer what he is in for when social reform gets fairly under way.

"Homerica," by Mr. Thomas Leyden Agar (New York: Henry Frowde), is a portly volume of emendations and elucidations of the *Odyssey*—most of them ingenious, many plausible, not a few convincing. Mr. Agar believes that the language of the Homeric poems is not a medley, but fairly represents the speech of the Achæan people. The forms and phrasing were gradually and sometimes unconsciously modernized in the mouths of the rhapsodists, and it is the office of the critic in such cases to restore the true reading without atheizing entire lines or rejecting whole passages as interpolations. His emendations are especially directed to the restoration of the digamma, the elimination of the late article, and the banishing of the *Niatus licitus*, against which he wages a war of epigrams. He also replaces obscure by lucid expressions, smooths out anacolutha, softens hard constructions, abolishes anomalies and exceptions, and does away with ἀνάξ ἀργύρεα of usage or meaning. Mr. Agar is no re-

specter of formulas. We thought that τὸ δ' ἀναμειβόμενον at least was secure. But it seems that the original reading was more than possibly τὸν Ἰόν ἀμειβόμενον. Again, ἔρρε κατὰ γλῶσσαν, "away slight puppet," is properly ἔρρε κατὰ γλῶσσαν, "begone with the evil eye upon you." These specimens will suffice for the general reader. The Homeric student will find entertainment or edification on nearly every page of the book, which will doubtless receive from the philological journals the detailed consideration which we cannot give to it here.

"Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam: A Record of Seven Years' Residence in the Island," by Caroline Corner (John Lane Co.), makes no pretence of being more than an impressionist's journal. It is a sort of "my garden" book on a large scale. The reader incidentally learns a good deal about native life and something of Anglo-Ceylonese society, and is bored only by the authoress's insistence on her own gentility. But she is bright and can tell a good story well, and her book is "not half bad" even to those jaded by the too many sketchy volumes devoted to the record of unimportant happenings east of Suez.

Defenders of the faith have often indulged in searching criticism of the Church, and they may appeal to the example of Paul, as is done by the Rev. Washington Gladden in "The Church and Modern Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Dr. Gladden's enumeration of the failings and weaknesses of organized Christianity is frank and thorough-going, yet he bears throughout a cheerful temper and appeals with confidence to young men to enlist in what he believes will be the most inspiring and successful campaign Christianity has ever waged. He sees immediately ahead a great struggle for the redemption of the social order and the Christianization of society, and he is persuaded that in this contest the Church will find more vigorous life and more glorious success than it has known hitherto. He does not advocate an alliance with Socialism, as did Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch not long since. As between Socialism and the reformation of the present "competitive régime," he says:

The Church cannot commit herself to either of these methods. The best work she can do at the present time is to inspire men with a love of justice and a spirit of service. She must rear up a generation of men who hate robbery in all its disguises; who are determined never to prosper at the expense of their neighbors, and who know how to find their highest pleasure in helping their fellow-men.

Dr. Gladden's essay will make for sanity as well as earnestness in the current debate on the relation of religion and the Church to social reform.

Prof. Ferruccio Quintavalle's "La Conciliazione fra l'Italia ed il Papato" (Milan: L. F. Cogliati) has several claims to attention. It contains the correspondence of Father Luigi Tosti, of the Monastery of Monte Cassino, and Senator Gabrio Casati, one of the makers of United Italy and an intelligent Catholic, on the possible conciliation between Italy and the Vatican. Father Tosti, who was perhaps the most eminent Benedictine monk of the nineteenth century, was also an ardent patriot, and he hoped that first Pius IX. and then Leo XIII. might be moved to give up the political and worldly position which the Pa-

pacy inherited from the Renaissance. It is particularly interesting now, when another Pius has fulminated against modernism, to read the Liberal views of a great churchman whose orthodoxy was unchallenged. The value of the book is enhanced by Professor Quintavalle's study of the Roman Question from 1859 to 1870. In a monograph of 175 pages, which serves as a preface, he describes the conflict with unusual dispassionateness. He concludes that, although the popes are well aware that their Temporal Power has gone forever, they will long continue to withhold from the King in Rome their blessing, which Tosti prayed for, but which Quintavalle regards as undesirable until it shall be the prelude to a complete separation between Church and state.

The standard dictionary of modern German writers and literature, Kürschners Deutscher Literatur-Kalender, has appeared for the current year—the thirtieth issue. This volume brings excellent portraits of four prominent Berlin writers, Clara Cohn-Viebig, Adolf Harnack, Paul Hinneberg, and Ernest Vollert (Leipzig: Göschen).

The "Geographisch-statistischer Welt-Lexikon," by Gottlieb Webersak (Vienna: A. Harlebens Verlag), which has been appearing in parts during the last two years, is now completed, in a volume of 960 pages. It is a comprehensive work of reference, the data in terse form and easily found.

"Geschichte des Reiches Gottes bis auf Jesus Christus" is the title of a recent work by the indefatigable Prof. Eduard Koenig of Bonn (Braunschweig: Wollermann). It is the first volume of the second part of the *Grundrisse der Theologie*, a handy set of text-books, particularly for students. In this series, in contrast to the current critical views, the Old Testament books are regarded, not as an accidental collection of interesting literary remains of Jewish religious thought, but, as in the days of a Hengstenberg and Von Hofmann, the exposition of a divine plan of redemption.

Dr. Julius Moses has sent to a large number of prominent men and women of Germany four questions with reference to the Anti-Semitic or Jewish problem. He publishes ninety-nine of the replies, many of them practically brochures, and representing all phases of the subject, in "Die Lösung der Judenfrage" (Berlin: Verlagsbureau Curt Wigand).

Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, whose death is reported from London, was born in the inner circles of the diplomacy in which he was to pass his whole life. He was the son of Sir Alexander Malet, formerly British minister at Frankfurt, and was born at The Hague in October, 1837. After studying at Eton and Oxford, he himself entered the diplomatic ranks in 1854 as an attaché on his father's staff. Presently he was transferred to Brussels, then to Rio de Janeiro, and again, in 1862, to Washington, where he held the post of second secretary. Other appointments followed in rapid succession, until 1895, when he retired on a pension. In 1900 he was made a member of the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical and daily press on subjects of political or general interest, and was recognized as an authority of wide infor-

mation and varied experience. In 1901 he published a volume of recollection, "Shifting Scenes," which had a large circulation.

From Milan comes the report of the death, in his sixty-first year, of Wilhelm von Locella, Italian consul at Dresden, and author of "Dante in der deutschen Kunst," "Friedensstift," and various books of reference.

Donald Wedekind, a dramatist and novel writer of Vienna, has just committed suicide, at the age of thirty-seven. His story called "Ultra Montes," a plea for Roman Catholicism, was at one time much talked of.

#### THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

*The Cambridge Modern History.* Volume V.: The Age of Lewis the Fourteenth. Planned by the late Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, George W. Prothero and Stanley Leathes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4 net.

As we have already discussed at length the general plan and characteristic features of this encyclopædic history, in notices of previous volumes of the series, the criticism of the present volume may be restricted to comments on the execution of this part of the design. The volume contains twenty-four chapters by just twenty-four writers. This does not, however, mean that every chapter is from a different pen. Four writers have each produced two chapters; but, on the other hand, several chapters have been divided into sections, which are the work of different writers. Most of the writers have not contributed to earlier volumes; and two of them, Prof. Émile Faguet and Mr. Kaufmann, belong to Continental Europe. The rest are Englishmen. The best known contributors are Dr. A. W. Ward (one of the editors of the work); J. B. Bury, professor of modern history at Cambridge (England); C. N. Firth, professor of modern history at Oxford; Prof. H. M. Gwatkin of Cambridge, England; Prof. Hume Brown of Edinburgh; and the late Sir Michael Foster, formerly professor of physiology at Cambridge, whose article treats of the history of science. Two chapters deal with literary history—one of the literature of France and its European influence (by M. Faguet), and one of the literature of the English Restoration. Three are devoted to ecclesiastical affairs, and one to physical science, while the rest are occupied with general political history. The plan of bestowing special treatment on intellectual and religious tendencies has thus been adhered to, and with good results; for these six chapters are among the best, and are certainly the most interesting to those readers who are not professional historians. The necessarily condensed narrative of political doings, of wars, treaties, intrigues, and so forth, must become somewhat dry and perplexing when the writer has not space in which to paint those details which make history picturesque, or to expatiate on those reflections by which it may seek to become philosophical.

Regarded as literature, this volume seems to us less effectively written than the first two were, and there are fewer contributors of first-rate eminence. Dr. Ward, however, succeeds by his skilful treatment

in making the early history of Brandenburg and Prussia lucid and attractive, compressed though it is. Like praise may be given to the outline of the early growth of that principality of Moscow, which became the Russian Empire between 1462 and 1682. Mr. Bury handles his large and obscure subject in a broad illuminative way, explaining how the Muscovite Czarism came to develop into a despotism, not (as is commonly supposed) natural to the Slavic races, but due to special causes. Incidentally, he tells us something which the reader of to-day will find interesting about the Duma, or Council of Nobles, in the Russia of the sixteenth century. So, too, Mr. Gwatkin's short chapter on Religious Toleration is excellent.

We must again express our regret (generally felt in this country) that the copious bibliography has not been rendered more valuable by indications, however brief, of the relative value of the treatises enumerated.

From Moscow it was in the seventeenth century a far cry to Paris. In the period covered by this volume France dominated European politics, and Louis XIV. was the central figure on the stage of the world. His ambitions affected the whole of southern and central as well as western Europe. His domestic policy was decisive for the character of the administration of the country and the ideals of the French nation for some generations. The study of his personality presented by Mr. Grant seems hardly adequate, when one considers what a difference the personality of that one man made. It is not always the great men who are the most important. Louis was not a great man, but only a grandiose one. He seems all the less great because he strove to be great. Yet he would not have been nearer greatness had he been more modest. His pride and conceit helped him in one way, if they injured him in another. They made him more laborious and attentive to business, if they encouraged him to attempt things beyond the power even of France in the day of her strength.

Who were the great men of that age? Peter of Russia had some striking qualities, but he was a savage and sometimes came near to being a madman. Charles XII. of Sweden displayed extraordinary gifts, but now and then actually was a madman; perhaps not mad enough to require confinement in an asylum, but quite mad enough to deserve deposition from his throne. Oliver Cromwell was gone. William of Orange (William III. of England) was able, shrewd, tenacious, but does not rise to the sort of greatness which impresses our imagination. Neither does any one else among the statesmen of the eighty years between Cromwell's death and the accession of Frederick II. of Prussia. There are great men in other fields—Milton, Newton, and Leibnitz perhaps the most remarkable. But in the field of politics the most interesting figure is on the whole that of the elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, whom the Prussians call the "Great Elector"; and he is interesting not so much in respect of his personal gifts, though he was an able and vigorous ruler, as because he was the man who more than any one else (except his great-grandson, Frederick the Great) laid the foundation of

the now mighty Prussian dominion. We have already referred to Dr. Ward's sketch, concise but complete in its way, of his character and career in pages which are among the most instructive in this volume, because they explain so much that becomes afterwards of significance in Prussian and therewith in general European history.

It is not a mere coincidence that the latter half of the seventeenth, and earlier half of the eighteenth century, were lacking in great men, as well as in great popular movements. One may describe it as the dynastic period of modern European history. The religious passions which had induced the internal convulsions of Germany, France, and England since the days of Charles the Fifth, and had given rise to so many wars between the leading states, were slowly dying out. They were strong enough in France to lead to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, an act whose hideous and gratuitous folly (for the Huguenots had ceased to be a political danger to Louis XIV.) is well traced in more than one chapter of this volume. They were strong enough in England to accentuate the resistance to the efforts of King James the Second to subvert the English Constitution, for it was fear of Romanism that forced even the clergy of the Church of England, who had been preaching the divine right of kings, to turn against the monarch who was putting their theory into practice. They were strong enough in Ireland to cause a civil war, and, indeed, in that unlucky island they are not yet extinct; for the Orangemen still celebrate with martial processions the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, and the Roman Catholics are still with difficulty prevented by the police from attacking the processions. If, however, we except Ireland, one may say that before the middle of the eighteenth century religious differences had ceased to stir the minds of European peoples or induce wars between European Powers. The hundred years that lie between 1689 and 1789 were years in which no strong feelings, either ecclesiastical or political, swayed any nation. Except in England and her North American colonies, free political life had died out over the civilized world, and there were hardly any signs that it would revive. Accordingly, the monarchs had it all their own way. The wars which they carried on were waged primarily for personal or dynastic reasons, that a king might gratify his vanity by conquest; that a younger son or a daughter's husband might be provided with a principality; that some old-standing dispute about a frontier might be settled by the sword of the strongest. Sometimes considerations of commerce, and the acquisition of territories outside Europe, with which commerce might be carried on, had weight with sovereigns or their ministers. But Professor Seely, as sometimes happens with lecturers anxious to make their points, overstated the case when he argued that the wars between France and England in the first half of the eighteenth century were undertaken for the sake of colonial dominion. The results of the struggles which decided the fate of North America and India were more important as they affected those regions than as they affected Europe, but it was out of dynastic rivalries and am-



bitions, more than from views of a distant future, when the world should be parcelled out among the European races, that these conflicts arose.

The age of Louis XIV. and the age that followed down to 1776 were a time in which the mind of mankind was resting from conflicts of thought or sentiment. It was the epoch which saw the birth and the first quiet, steady advances of modern science. It was an epoch in which there was little first-rate poetry in any country, little enthusiasm, little ardor for any cause. But there was a good deal of forgetting and a good deal of acute thinking. Old things were passing away. The interest in theological doctrine, the vehemence with which questions of ecclesiastical organization had been debated, were silently declining. Feudal institutions survived in Continental Europe, but the spirit had vanished and left them an empty shell. Reverence for the crown had waned along with the reverence for the altar. The first revelation of the change that was passing in men's minds came with the outbreak of the American Revolution; and as soon as the success of the revolted colonies was proclaimed, every European thinker perceived that the same tendencies were at work in Europe, and must soon make themselves felt there. With 1789 there opened a new era in which first the principle of liberty, then the principle of nationality, finally the demand for social and economic equality, became the moving forces. The dynastic epoch was ended; popular feeling again asserted itself as it had done in the time of the wars of religion; but now the groupings of nations and the action of forces within each nation were different, because men were striving at first for the establishment of certain new ideas, then not only for new ideas, but for the material interests of classes. That France took the lead, becoming the exponent of the principles successfully asserted in America, was due not only to the predominant influence her writers had secured in the age of Louis XIV. and the sort of primacy in Europe she had then won, but also to the fact that the policy of that sovereign had, by shewing the faults of monarchy on a grand scale, discredited the institution of monarchy and made the Revolution begin in the country where opinion had been best prepared for it and where it was most wanted.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*The Bishop's Scapegoat.* By Thomas Bailey Clegg. New York: John Lane Co.

An English vicar, in a creditable fit of rage, chokes a scoundrelly French adventurer in Paris, and hastens to England, leaving him for dead. Dr. Thibault, whose wife has been seduced by the adventurer, comes in upon the dying man. He could save the blackguard, but, strengthened by righteous hatred, lets him die. Who is responsible? The English clergyman in his blossomy vicarage scans the Paris papers, but the murdered man had many aliases, and he finds no notice of the crime. The French doctor is tried, convicted, and transported for life to a convict colony in the South Pacific. From this point, the doctor's daughter, Cecile, becomes the significant character. Beautifully devoted,

she follows her father into exile. In the vicissitudes of that life, she meets the son of the vicar—now bishop of the See of Capricornia—and they fall in love wholeheartedly. The daughter of a murderer and the son of a murderer—there is a situation for you—and the bishop objects to the girl on the ground of her antecedents! Ultimately, the bishop and his scapegoat confront each other at the latter's death-bed. The story ends with explanation, forgiveness, and the union of lovers.

The plot scheme strongly suggests the "Winter's Tale"; a delightful scene of youthful romantic love framed in heavy tragedy. That is an exceedingly difficult thing to manipulate; the construction in this case is not perfectly satisfactory. One is irritated by a succession of rather inartistic surprises; at first, one is led to expect a story of the bishop's conscience; then, one decides that the misery of the convict is the theme; but the interest shifts again to Cecile and her lover. The author does not seem quite certain whether romance springs from passion or from adventure. He seems needlessly afraid that he will bore us if he keeps the story long in one place—rushes it, therefore, breathlessly from England to France, New Caledonia, and Queensland, Australia. There are bloodhounds, a tribal war, all manner of moving accidents by flood and field. There is tropical color, there are isles of unexpected plenty to delight a Swiss Family Robinson, there is the brave new spirit of the frontier. There are two capital characters—really memorable characters—Mary Ann Dubois, a motherly magnificent frontierswoman, and Cacalouch, a convict of indomitable Gascon valor and gayety. The book is worth reading; it is fresh, wholesome, and entertaining.

*The Voice of the City:* Further stories of the Four Million. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co.

Among the best of the twenty-five stories in this volume are: "The Harbinger"—a park bench loafer attempts to wheedle from his wife a dollar, which she earned by washing overalls, and, failing, regrets that he did not choke her in the first place; "The Memento"—an actress hopes to leave her profession and marry a minister, but, discovering that the holy man has preserved in a casket a disgraceful relic of her own life in the music hall, returns to the stage; "The Plutonian Fire"—a young man comes up from Alabama to New York to write fiction, and, learning that for fame he must exchange his character, returns home to sell ploughs for his father:

I see the game now. You can't write with ink, and you can't write with your own heart's blood, but you can write with the heart's blood of some one else. You have to be a cad before you can be an artist. Well, I am for old Alabam and the Major's store. Have you got a light, Old Hoss?

It is interesting to watch "O. Henry" capering to the hurdy-gurdy of the mortal hour while with one eye he winks significantly at immortality. No man of his talents ever took more deliberate aim at the eyes of his contemporaries; his acknowledgment to the New York World and *Ainslee's Magazine* for permission to reprint frankly declares the shaping exigen-

cies. These new stories of the four million are marked by the brutal materialism and the mordant cynicism which insured success to the "Trimmed Lamp." They begin with the same precision and end with the same whip-like snap. They are, if possible, even more pungent, acrid, and curt. To borrow an expression applied by the author to the rectangularity of the city streets, they "coldly exhibit a sneering defiance of the curved line of Nature." Yet, after hearing from so many quarters of soubrettes with the heart of St. Agnes and of bejewelled sinners sighing for home and mother, it is wholesomely corrective and refreshing to learn from one of the fraternity that "there ain't a sorrow in the chorus that a lobster cannot heal."

On the whole, it must be said that the voice of the city, as reproduced by "O. Henry," has a singularly phonographic and metallic quality. Blue in spirit, with the ugly din, one glances at the sphinx on the cover and hopes she has not spoken yet. Smart to the verge of genius, the style sacrifices too much to the hour. Admirers may call "O. Henry" the American Maupassant, but so long as he continues to hang so far over the abyss of slang they should put the accent on American.

*My Lost Duchess.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: The Century Co.

"An Idyl of the Town" is the just subtitle of this pleasant and foolish tale. The hero is a young gentleman of the ex-college athlete type, who falls in love with a girl out of a club window. Some of his colleagues admire her, though not to his degree of ecstasy; and among them they dub her the duchess. Her progress up the avenue is "a triumphal tour." She walks a goddess, or would if the metaphor were good enough for her: "Imagine a rather heavy goddess trying to wear one of her hats." Of course she is a thoroughbred, and to be stared at as such. Presently it falls to our ex-athlete to rescue her somewhat emphatically from an impudent beggar, which is the beginning of their amatory engagement. She turns out to be (though of excellent family) acting as a governess and training for the stage. Diana is the heavy goddess whom she slightly resembles, and she by no means jumps at the rather cavalier advances of the young clubman. She disappears, and is discovered at the eleventh hour, on the eve of her debut in a musical comedy. This will never do; our hero now asserts the man that is in him, and all is well. If Mr. Williams is a trifle too lively of fancy and broad of touch to produce a town eclogue of classical grace, he is by that same token more fit for the moment, more, as it is called, up-to-date.

*Voyenne.* By Percy Brebner. New York: The John McBride Co.

Again a Duchy is in turmoil. Again a Duchess is harassed. Again an Englishman comes to the rescue. But there are variants enough to provide the unexpected for even the reader well-nigh immune to surprises. Such for instance is the discovery that the Englishman is the real duke, a revelation highly dishonorable to make here, if it were the final solution. For after all, he was the duke on his mother's side only, and Montvilliers was one of those duchies where, as the schoolboy put it, no woman

or son of a woman could reign. So that Roger Herrick's claim held good only if there were no son of a man to preempt it. Could anything be more fortunate for the weaving of a tangled web? What with a far-off bar sinister to invalidate other pretensions, what with a lovely Christine involved, and what with the will of the people being the final court of award, there is great stir in the duchy and in the residence city, Vayenne. Over and over when the climax seems inevitable, fresh intricacies arise, prolonging suspense.

As each new tangle in the game of cat's cradle is said to mark a new degree of civilization, so the game of untwisting principalities goes on and on, making records for our writers. The step beyond "Vayenne," who may foretell? Of its class it is a member in good standing.

*Handicapped.* By Emery Pottle. New York: John Lane.

Donovan O'Hara, who came of a well-bred mother, was handicapped by having a horse-trainer for a father. He had the bringing-up, the associates, and, on the whole, the tastes and morals of a horse-trainer. A foolish Southern woman, a friend of his mother, took him up, allowed him to drive her horses, sit at her fireside, and associate with her daughter. The author seems to think it a sign of good blood in Donovan that he saw the difference between this girl and the other women he had companioned, and promptly fell in love with her. Further evidence is furnished by the fact that the girl fell at least halfway in love with him. Of course, he was "impossible." A breezy Western girl, friend of girl number one, really would have liked to have him; but his mother's blue blood, we must suppose, kept him cold to her advances. Both girls trifled with him outrageously. In the end, the boy broke his neck, or some such matter, at a horse show in Madison Square Garden. The group of people who appear in these pages is united by a common love of horse flesh. When the book is not horsey it is "sexy." It is also rather dull.

*American Philosophy: The Early Schools.*

By I. Woodbridge Riley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

Our gradual escape from the bondage of older theology has often been followed by historians; but we have not regarded our earlier philosophers as playing any very important part either in the emancipation from dogma, or in the formation of the national consciousness. And even Dr. Riley's elaborate and scholarly study leaves us still with a very modest estimate of the influence that philosophy exerted in the moulding of our American character. The old theology possessed its Jonathan Edwards—probably our greatest philosophical genius, if such genius be measured by the native power of the man to see what he had not been taught by anybody else to see, and to think without the guidance of the schools. But Edwards, at his best, was no reformer of speculation, and no creator of any great movement of thought. Our Revolution, moreover, had its Jefferson and its Franklin; but they helped us far less by means of their philosophical tendencies than by virtue of their other powers. Our Revolutionary movement had no Kant

or Fichte to formulate the national ideal of freedom; and even our later transcendentalism, though it possessed its Emerson, was without a Schelling, or a Hegel, or even a Schleiermacher. For decades of the nineteenth century the blighting effect of the older text-books of Scottish philosophy helped to sterilize our college teaching. The influence of transcendentalism meanwhile remained too largely ethical and literary; and it was not until after Mill's empiricism and Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, as well as German thought, had together influenced our youth for a generation, that we began to take our more serious part in the modern philosophical movement.

Yet early American philosophy is well worth knowing; and Dr. Riley has shown us that its processes were not so embryonic as we had so far supposed, and that, in a genuine sense, the principal tendencies of contemporary European speculation during the late seventeenth, and most of the eighteenth century, found their representatives on our own soil, in the work of men who have heretofore been far too much neglected. Dr. Riley says of his volume:

Written almost wholly from first-hand sources, a large part of which exist only in manuscript, it attempts to reconstruct a period of philosophy but little studied and imperfectly understood.

This general characterization of the author's work is correct. He has already received, from many sources, hearty and deserved thanks for his book.

If one may, nevertheless, mention some of the limitations of the work, it seems fair to point out, first, that, like most studies made directly from sources, this volume is often somewhat burdened by weight of detail. Dr. Riley has made a serious effort to combine a judicial attitude towards whatever is doubtful in the interpretation with a clear portraiture of individuals and tendencies. Judicial his attitude always is. But as to finished and impressive portrayal he has succeeded unequally. For instance, in the chapter on Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Riley is very fair and considerate in his estimate of the problems that this wonderful man presents to the historian; but in drawing conclusions he is hesitant; and as a portrayal, the chapter leaves us dissatisfied. Dr. Riley's citation (p. 157) from James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" regarding the nature of mystical experiences, does indeed help us to a modern psychologist's views as to how Edwards may have come, unaided, to his early idealism. But, after some pages of judicious yet somewhat baffling analysis of the unquestionably problematic utterances of Edwards, Dr. Riley concludes:

With this note of ineffability, denoting a certain metaphysical impotence, one may leave the writings of Jonathan Edwards. His unpublished manuscripts may afford some corrective to the grave deficiencies of his philosophical system, but, until they are given to the public, one is forced to the abrupt conclusion that while the Saint of New England was a precocious idealist, and a profound mystic, he was not a consistent philosopher.

All this is disappointing. For while, as the whole history of thought shows, we may hardly expect an original philosopher to be wholly "consistent," especially if he is either "precocious" or "profound," we naturally look to our philosophical historians to help us to a new understanding of the personal unity that may lie beneath

the inconsistencies of a notable man; and Dr. Riley, having labored so hard over Edwards, and having learned in a scholarly way to take account of the modern psychological studies of the "varieties" of individuals, might be expected to reach some less "abrupt"—and less commonplace—conclusion regarding the greatest man who is discussed in his book.

Another limitation of the work is its somewhat hazy historical perspective. Dr. Riley, to be sure, rightly regards our "early schools" as provincial representatives of the general movement of European thought. But he sometimes seems at a loss in linking this modern movement and its American representatives with the history of still earlier thought. The place assigned to deism (p. 23, and in later discussion) is an example. Here, to be sure, Dr. Riley is not alone. Other modern historians have similar views of deism. But why should one not remember that deism is only a modern form of that much older and always somewhat rationalistic interest in natural theology which played a most important part in the genesis of scholasticism? This interest took shape in what has been called the *Aufklärung im Mittelalter*—a tendency which classic scholasticism of the thirteenth century presupposed, and undertook to assimilate in the interests of orthodoxy, but in the end somewhat unwillingly transmitted as a heritage to the modern world. If one grants the really unquestionable pre-existence of this philosophical tendency, then deism appears simply as the form into which it was readily transformed as soon as the physical science of the seventeenth century had popularized a large number of new ideas about the natural world. Surely it is one thing to recognize that the originality of a few great men in Europe does indeed entitle us to date a genuinely modern philosophy from the seventeenth century. It is quite another thing to forget the continuity of European thought so far as to suppose that deism in theology was itself any essentially new tendency. The second chapter of Dr. Riley's book, on "Philosophy and Politics," despite many valuable observations, is much weakened by such imperfect historical perspective, well-founded as many of his observations are.

But a book must be judged by what it brings to us, and not by what it fails to bring. Fairly estimated, then, Dr. Riley's work does offer a large amount of new material, carefully collected; reported (so far as one can possibly judge) with great faithfulness and accuracy; judiciously estimated; portrayed without any of the familiar exaggerations which a collector's enthusiasm so often entails, and classified in a comprehensive and instructive way. The book covers substantially the whole pre-transcendental period. Several of the writers discussed are, in a measure, discovered, or rediscovered. Manuscript materials are frequently cited at length. Especially notable is the place accorded to the early philosophical movement in the South—a movement heretofore almost wholly neglected. In this connection, the materialistic tendencies in our early thinking receive a description which is almost entirely new. The extent to which theological liberalism and scientific studies affected both our colonial and our post-Revolution-



any philosophical thought becomes for the first time manifest. Philosophy as it took part in the life of the older universities also receives a notable treatment. We shall not learn, through Mr. Riley's book, to form any extreme opinions regarding the originality or the power of early American philosophy. But we shall come to see how we took a wholesome part, so far as our social conditions permitted, in the intellectual movement of the period. We shall come to an increased respect for the civilization of the colonial days. And we shall await with interest the coming volumes in which Dr. Riley promises some account of later American philosophy.

*Les Sources et l'évolution des Essais de Montaigne.* Par Pierre Villey. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

*Les Livres d'histoire moderne utilisés par Montaigne.* Par Pierre Villey. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

It is of no small importance that the results of many recent studies of Montaigne's "Essais" should pass into the current of general literature and common knowledge, for it is becoming more and more evident that in many respects the great essayist has not been rightly appreciated. Of these researches the most intelligent and the most scholarly are to be found in the work before us. It opens entirely new, extremely interesting, and wholly trustworthy views; it is not a mere step but a leap toward the comprehension of the famous works and of their author. The special value of these three large octavo volumes lies in their elaborate record of the books read by Montaigne, a field hitherto only imperfectly known. The subject is treated by M. Villey with an appropriate width of learning and accuracy of erudition, rare in these days, and extraordinary in one blind from childhood. We are shown not only what books Montaigne read, but how and when he read them, what use he made of them, what was his judgment of them; and all this information is admirably arranged. Those books which, with very few exceptions, it is certain Montaigne read, are first set down in an alphabetical list of two hundred and seventy-one authors, accompanied by statements, sometimes in much detail, regarding each work and Montaigne's relation to it. Another arrangement of these works is then given, dividing them into classes according to their subjects.

An examination of these lists shows that if we leave out of consideration for a moment the influence on Montaigne's mind of his life-long admiration for the great poets, it may be said that he found his chief nourishment in works on social conditions, and the moral questions arising from them. His avowed desire was that the organization of his life should profit by what he read; all that did not aid him in this direction, all that did not touch him directly, was unimportant to him. M. Villey well says:

Quand il s'assied devant son bureau, quand il tend les mains pour prendre ses livres, son but est d'abord d'étudier l'homme et les conceptions morales qui ont été émises sur l'homme; ensuite, de critiquer la raison humaine pour mieux connaître le fait moral et fonder solidement ses propres opinions.

The second part of "Les Sources" is con-

cerned with the chronology of the "Essais"—a most important matter in considering them as an expression of Montaigne's differing tone of thought and his changing opinions at various periods of his life. Along this line, M. Villey is the first thorough investigator; and it may almost be said he is the last, for it is difficult to conceive of any future student surpassing him in his sleuth-hound keenness of scent, his eagle-eyed vision of the whole field, and his remarkable power of putting two and two together. These gifts are combined with extraordinary patience, and, better still, with the utmost care in asserting nothing that he cannot prove. The hypotheses which he is, of course, obliged occasionally to suggest are set forth with delightful open-mindedness; while, in combating the views of others, his unflinching courtesy is as marked as it is in complimenting his fellow-students on work very inferior to his own.

The second volume of that book is concerned with the evolution of the "Essais," and is solidly based on the previously built-up foundations. It treats first of the "impersonal" earlier essays, those written probably about 1572-3-4. These "impersonal" essays have never been carefully distinguished from the others. It has never before been shown, as is clearly done here, that when Montaigne first began to write, his intentions were wholly different from what later (but before he published anything) they became. M. Villey then takes up the personal essays, those written probably between 1579 and 1588. The volume closes with fifty pages on the deductions to be drawn from the passages added by Montaigne to the edition of 1588, which were incorporated in the posthumous edition of 1595. Here we learn the same sort of facts that we gathered from the first volume, but they are offered in narrative form, and are confined only to the years between 1588 and 1592, which gives them greater vividness and vitality.

The second book, "Les Livres d'histoire moderne," is a volume of 250 pages, forming, as it were, an appendix to the larger work, with cross references from one to the other. It is again the question of the sources that is treated of, and we have the examination of twenty-nine modern historians, whom it is evident Montaigne had read. The notices here of these authors, who are all mentioned in the larger volumes, are fuller than there; and these pages, together with an appendix on the ancient Greek historians read in translations by Montaigne, and a table that indicates for each of these authors the period at which Montaigne read them and the amount of his borrowings, give the reader the clearest possible impression of the general scope of Montaigne's historical interests.

It will be seen from this very inadequate résumé of these three volumes that while the field they reap seems at first glance to be somewhat limited, the harvest is abundant and rich. The intellectual life of a great moralist whose influence has been and continues to be world-wide, is here recorded by an accumulation of disconnected facts which change their nature from their very number and become an organic whole.

The work, lately presented at the Sorbonne and received with high praise by the

most competent judges, has obtained for its young author the diploma of *docteur ès lettres*.

*Our First Ambassador to China: The Life and Correspondence of George, Earl of Macartney.* By Helen H. Robbins. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5 net.

The story of British trade with the Chinese is a varied one. So far from being a march in steady progress, it has seen many vicissitudes and setbacks. Now that Britain's supremacy in trade is threatened by the rivalry of nations hardly known on the seas in Macartney's time, the story of his experiences in China are of singular interest. Before his advent the "carrot-pated race" had hardly respectable standing with the Chinese; but his visit enlightened Peking as to British power. Now, in this book, thanks to a woman's research, patient and full, through family papers, state documents, and personal writings of Earl Macartney's companions, we have a pleasing picture of an eighteenth-century English nobleman's active official life. Added to this is his own journal kept in China, richly annotated by Miss Robbins.

The China seen by Macartney in 1792-1794 was little more than midway in point of time between the Manchu conquest and the present year. Hence the effect is that of a book dealing with new territory, even though the reader runs across many a famous saying or statement hitherto read as quotation: for example, (p. 386) we meet this familiar acquaintance:

The empire of China is an old, crazy, first-rate man-of-war, which a fortunate succession of able and vigilant officers have contrived to keep afloat for these one hundred and fifty years past and to overawe their neighbors merely by her bulk and appearance. But, whenever an insufficient man happens to have the command on deck, adieu to the discipline and safety of the ship. She may, perhaps not sink outright; she may drift some time as a wreck, and will then be dashed to pieces on a shore; but she can never be rebuilt on the old bottom.

Here is a high compliment to the abilities of the first Tartar emperors; and the next sentence contains the cue to that rather staid British talk (even to book-titles by admirals), continued ever since, on "The Break-up of China." But to cripple the power emanating from Peking and to destroy the Chinese social system are two vastly different things. Tartar and Chinese were not then, as now, virtually fused into one people, with the ancestral and racial, social and official lines of demarcation nearly obliterated. Indeed, these were almost as distinct as those between white and red men in our country. Many of the mandarins who impressed the earl most profoundly were pure blooded Tartars. This old China, as we see it pictured by Macartney, seems almost as different from the body social, economic, and political of to-day, as was the old Japan, official and popular, seen and described by Townsend Harris, our first envoy to Nippon.

Even apart from Macartney's work as pioneer of British diplomacy in China, we have in this book a delightfully accurate and readable picture of the official life of a statesman rich in many gifts. Born May 14, 1737, of ancient lineage, Macartney early enjoyed what comes to the student, lover,



husband, and inheritor of rank and fortune. Then he "broke the bonds of effeminate love," and planting new passions in his breast resolved in future to be "a British person with a Roman soul." How he carried out his ambitious plan is admirably detailed in these pages; as a member of Parliament, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, or as a representative abroad he served king and country. He was Governor of Grenada, President of Madras, and Governor of the Cape in South Africa; he was also employed in missions to Russia, China, and Italy. Through all these chapters the mastery of details lends the narrative continual charm.

The American interest is notable, for Macartney's era was that of George III. Macartney regarded the war with America as most disastrous to true British interests. Especially did Lord North's methods with America seem to him "a constant seesaw of menaces and flattery," and when hostilities broke out he denounced "this Tartar kind of war."

Astonishingly free from lapses of pen or errors of types as this book is, we note (p. 462) the misspelling van Breams, for van Braam, who, besides belonging to the Dutch family that furnished George Washington's military instructor, made an embassy to China in 1795. With finest English paper, print, binding, and illustrations, especially the portraits, this book is both readable and valuable.

*A Star of the Salons: Julie de Lespinasse.* By Camilla Jebb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A great deal of matter has been lately printed in English relating to Mlle. de Lespinasse, in the wake of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and this latest addition is in substance an informal "doing into English" of the biography, already officially translated, of M. de Ségur. It makes, however, with its twenty illustrations, a fresh and delightful contribution to the subject. These pictures, chiefly from paintings or engravings of the period, help to put Julie de Lespinasse back into her Regency and *philosophie* setting, where she may be understood, and, no doubt, excused. Greuze's portrait of the little Mademoiselle de Courcelles, who married the Comte de Guibert, Julie's lover, and who herself published Julie's letters to the Comte, is a clearer explanation of the enigmatic parts of the story than pages of special pleading. She looks both charming and good.

After the illustrations, the chief merit of the book is in the author's gusto and narrative skill. She is elated with her subject, and her subject, in turn, which has both complication and action, carries her along. Thus she focuses on her heroine what she has to say of town and country life, convents as genteel boarding-houses, dress, education, and manners under the Regency. Julie's father provided for her narrowly and treated her harshly. She yielded, however, to infatuation for his sister, her aunt, Madame du Deffand, went with her as a social assistant to Paris, where, after some years of decreasing confidence on both sides, occurred their picturesque quarrel. After this Julie set up a personal salon, kept house with d'Alembert, loved first the dying

Marquis de Mora, then the Comte de Guibert, who was thoroughly alive, wrote her letters to both, suffered greatly, and died at the age of two and forty, probably of consumption, opium, and remorse.

It is possible that her chief interest for us still, as for her contemporaries, is not in her letters and the dingy romance they reveal, but precisely in her salon, in the men and women whose friendship she won and enjoyed. One is always gratified by an occasion for meeting Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. du Deffand; and Turgot, Malesherbes, and d'Alembert increase our respect for Julie, and raise the tone of her history. To d'Alembert, indeed, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse owed most of her reputation. To his guidance may be traced the progress she made towards redeeming her bad moral inheritance and education. That, under the influence of Rousseau and "Clarissa Harlowe," she betrayed him and the deist principles of personal conduct, is the tragedy of her career. D'Alembert, a sincere man and, naturally, not an emphatic writer, says poignantly, in his portrait of himself:

*L'amour a presque fait le malheur de d'Alembert; et les chagrins qu'il lui a causés l'ont dégoûté longtemps des hommes, de la vie et même de l'étude.*

There was surely in Julie's lapse a special shock for a doctrinaire. The affair with the Marquis de Mora—as Sainte-Beuve says, the man of real delicacy and distinction—seems, from Julie's side, twanging on the double strings of sensualism and cupidity. She went on to play Clarissa to Guibert's Lovelace, consciously, if not deliberately. No doubt she was better, *calait mieux*, than her actual conduct; the phenomenon may be observed among those sentimentalists of to-day who attempt to deal with life in the spirit of art.

*Memories of Eight Parliaments.* By Henry W. Lucy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Lucy divides his memories into two classes, which he labels respectively "Men" and "Manners." The men include five prime ministers—Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Rosebery, and Balfour—and Chamberlain, John Morley, the two Cecilis, Lord Courtney, and Lord Randolph Churchill. His method is rather rambling, his material miscellaneous. Both vary greatly with the different personages whom he treats of. Thus Gladstone and Disraeli are already figures of the past, about whom he can and does speak with candor; but we feel that in the case of the living men Mr. Lucy is consciously or unconsciously reticent. He makes them out too indiscriminately "fine fellows." A stranger would hardly suppose that Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, earned a reputation for unscrupulousness which his apologists have never succeeded in explaining away. The only elaborate portrait which Mr. Lucy attempts is that of Disraeli, which is, however, a discursive narrative of episodes in that extraordinary career, with quotations from his speeches and some of his witty flings, rather than an orderly biography or an analysis of character.

But after all, the value of Mr. Lucy's book lies precisely in its informal miscellaneousness. It represents what an acute

observer has seen and heard during the forty years he has frequented Parliament. He is no ordinary reporter. He can, on occasion, write descriptive passages of great vividness. He hits off in a phrase which you do not forget the way of speaking, or the gestures, or the deportment of the celebrities we have mentioned, and of dozens of other M.P.s besides. The historian will have to go to him over and over again to get the snap-shot picture of some exciting scene in the House. "Tobey, M.P." is not only a keen observer, but a wit withal, as readers of *Punch* are aware: and his wit serves to enliven his account of even obstruction and routine proceedings. Although Mr. Lucy draws no new portraits of the political leaders of the past forty years, he does throw upon them many side-lights, and helps us to fill out, or refresh our estimate of them. Above all, he gives us the atmosphere of the House, its various moods, its hobbies and prejudices, which account for its action much more than the superficial suppose. Such information is always hard for the historian to recover after the generation has gone to which it was an every-day matter. The election of 1906 marked the end of an era in the British Parliament. With the influx of members of classes hitherto unrepresented at Westminster, a new atmosphere is already discernible, and in time new practices will replace the old. It is fortunate that Mr. Lucy, saturated with the old traditions, should chronicle them.

His chapters on "Manners" deal with the humor of the House of Commons; its dramatic possibilities—as in the Bradlaugh and Irish episodes; and in the average decorum—or lack of it. An American reader, who has had to blush for the blackguardism that occasionally breaks out in Congress, may take a sort of *tu-quoque* satisfaction in reading Mr. Lucy's account of some of the rowdy scenes which have disgraced the House of Commons. Until quite recently British M.P.s were assumed to be technically "gentlemen," a fact which makes their performances all the more discreditable. It was Tory "gentlemen," and not Radicals or Laborites, who grossly insulted Mr. Gladstone, despite his four-score years, in a scene to which Mr. Lucy refers several times.

The description of the routine procedure in Parliament and in Congress should be equally interesting on both sides of the water. In general, Mr. Lucy finds Congress much more businesslike and expeditious—*mirabile dictu!*—than Parliament. The presence of the Leader of the House and of Ministers on the Treasury Bench, and of the Leader of the Opposition and his chief colleagues on the front bench opposite, gives a dramatic, personal interest to the sittings of Parliament; but Mr. Lucy regards the custom which requires ministers to sit on the floor of the House and to hold the fort against every assailant, as a great waste of time and energy. Mr. Lucy concludes—*pace* the Hon. Gamaliel Bradford—that it would be better for the country and for the dispatch of business if British ministers attended to their departmental duties in their respective offices.

We have touched upon only a few of the many points of interest in the book; but these should show what a variety of entertainment Mr. Lucy has to offer to cul-

tivated American readers not less than to his own country people. His collection of lulls uttered in Parliament contains some marvellously amusing specimens.

*The Court of Philip IV.* By Martin Hume. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4 net.

The question of the relation of the great political and diplomatic epochs of a nation to those of its supreme achievements in literature and art, is one of the most interesting that confronts historians. If the England of Elizabeth is an example of the coincidence of the highest national and intellectual accomplishment, the Spain of Philip IV. is an equally significant illustration of the way in which literature and art sometimes attain their greatest glory in an age of national decadence. There is no more dreary chapter in modern European history than that of Spain under its last three Hapsburg Kings: an absolute, though decentralized despotism, but with monarchs unwilling and unable to exercise the sovereign powers with which they were clothed, a fond clinging to antiquated ideals in politics, economics, and religion, from which all the rest of Western Europe had long since parted, and an unexampled moral and social corruption—these are the salient features of the national life. But in the midst of all this we find the most coruscating intellectual and artistic brilliancy. Cervantes, indeed, had passed to his grave before the fourth Philip had come into his vast inheritance, but Lope, Calderon, and Quevedo reached the height of their fame during his rule, the name of Velasquez associates itself with those of Olivarez and Philip IV., well nigh to the exclusion of all others, and that of Murillo scarcely less.

It is with this brilliant period of national decline that Major Hume's most recent book deals. It is a picture of the characters and conditions of the time rather than a history, and on the whole he has succeeded well. The errors and inaccuracies which have so seriously marred much of his historical writing and also his editing of the Spanish Calendars are by no means absent here; they reach their climax, as usual, when Major Hume attempts to treat of non-Spanish affairs, and are significantly illustrated by his making the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, who died in 1554, a participant in the Thirty Years' War (p. 248); still, in a work intended for the general public rather than the specialist such blemishes are not of capital importance. A more serious fault of the book is its redundancy; the court festivities, the amours of the King, the ruinous foreign policy, and the dearth of resources are all described over and over again. On the other hand a good deal more might have been made of the dominant figure of Olivarez, especially his attempt at constitutional and administrative union of the different nations which composed the Iberian peninsula, and which were held together, up to the accession of the Bourbon dynasty, solely by the fact that they had the same sovereign. The account of the visit of Charles I. and Buckingham to Madrid naturally occupies a prominent position in the book, and is very well done, and the story of the relations of England and France to Spain in the last fifteen years of Philip's life con-

tains some new and interesting material, though we fancy that Major Hume has not quite grasped the full significance of the results for Spain of the policy of Louis XIV. in getting Charles II. of England into the last struggle for Portuguese independence by arranging his marriage with Catherine of Braganza. On the personal side, the description of the relations of Philip with the Nun of Agreda forms perhaps the most valuable part of the book.

Students of the history of the France of Louis XIV. will be interested to note the number of customs of the court of the Grand Monarque which had their counterpart and precedent in Spain. Major Hume's description of the daily appearance of Olivarez in the bed chamber of his master before the latter got up, of his standing by while the King dressed and handing him every separate article of clothing, reminds one irresistibly of Versailles and of the elaborate exposition of "L'ordre du lever et du coucher" of Louis XIV., which occupies no less than fifty pages of "L'État de la France," the official publication of the household of the Roi Soleil. It could scarcely have been otherwise. Louis himself was more than half Spaniard, his wife was the daughter of Philip IV., and Spanish influence had at times been very powerful in France since the death of Henry of Navarre, though the two nations were often at war. That a large majority of the court customs and ceremonies which are usually associated with the reign of Louis XIV. are of Spanish origin there is hardly room to doubt, and the student of comparative literature and art will hardly be at a loss to discern equally noteworthy evidences of Spanish influence on seventeenth century France in his field as well.

*The New York of Yesterday: A Descriptive Narrative of Old Bloomingdale.* By Hopper Striker Mott. Pp. xxvi+597; 78 illustrations, diagrams, and maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.

In 1906 the Bloomingdale Reformed Church celebrated its centenary. Among its officers was Hopper Striker Mott, descended on four sides, so to speak, from the original founders of the church, the members of the first consistory, Andrew Hopper, Jacob Harsen, James Striker and Philip Webbers (not to speak of his relation to the Motts of Bloomingdale). To Mr. Mott, as was eminently fitting, the church delegated the publication of a book which should be both a history of the church and also of the region in which it is situated. Bloomingdale, it should be said, is the old name for the west side of New York, from Twenty-third Street to Manhattanville, or the neighborhood of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and particularly for the upper two-thirds of that region.

With the exception of the Battle of Harlem Heights, the history of Bloomingdale is peaceful and, to the outsider, rather uninteresting. As becomes the name, it was, before the city overran it, a region of comfortable country homes and farms. To some of the old places, which he describes at considerable length, Mr. Mott contrives to give a larger interest, by connecting them with men whose names are known outside the limits of New York. At the foot of the present Ninety-sixth Street, a

little cove set in from the Hudson (always known to New Yorkers as the North River), called Striker's Bay, from the mansion built there by Gerritt Striker in 1764. Before the middle of the nineteenth century this house had become a popular tavern, kept at one time by Joseph Francis, famous later as the inventor of the lifeboat. It was a favorite resort of not a few of the literary men of the day, among others of George P. Morris, whose poem, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," was inspired by the rescue of one of the grand old elms of Striker's Bay from the axe of a too materialistic denizen of Bloomingdale. Poe, moreover, at the time when he wrote "The Raven," was living with his "child wife," Virginia Clemm, in a cottage at Eighty-fourth Street, only about three-quarters of a mile away, and Striker's Bay was the frequent goal of his rambles. Bloomingdale was for a time the home of prominent French refugees, Louis Philippe, Mme. d'Auliffe, lady of honor to Marie Antoinette, and others residing in the Harpersville neighborhood, Seventy-first Street and thereabouts, during their exile. Here Louis Philippe is said to have taught school. Teaching was a favorite profession of the generally impecunious exiles; and one of these French schools, that of Mme. Petit, became very well known. All the feminine élite of New York were trained here, and one of Mme. Petit's sons married a Livingston. Of all the old time residences, which Mr. Mott carefully identifies, practically the only one still in existence is Claremont, near Grant's Tomb, built by Michael Hogan, about 1806, occupied for some years by Lord Courtenay, and now used as a restaurant, the property of the city.

To the native of New York city, this work possesses real value; for Mr. Mott has gathered from personal and family recollections, property records, and maps, and vital statistics as kept by the Bloomingdale church, matter that affects many families. The book, of which only 500 copies are printed, from type, is handsomely made, a thick and sturdy volume, as becomes its Dutch ancestry. The illustrations are numerous, and some are very interesting.

We note a few inaccuracies, which, while of no great importance, are the more exasperating because they might easily have been avoided. The Howland mansion (p. 16) is described as standing at the northeast instead of the southeast corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Riverside Drive; the present location of the school of the Collegiate Church (p. 109) is given as Seventy-sixth Street and West End Avenue, instead of Seventy-seventh; the Whitlock mansion (p. 24) is located at One Hundred and Eighteenth instead of One Hundred and Tenth Street. But, in general, the statements are correct and may be recommended to the confidence of the antiquarian.

*Modernism.* By A. Leslie Libbey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xviii+227. \$1.75 net.

Pope Pius X believes that Modernism must be condemned in order that the Lord's flock may be fed. It would, however, be another of the interesting tricks of history if the condemnation expressed in his encyclical *Pascendi dominici gregis* should accomplish his aim in a manner he neither intended nor desired. Already there are



signs of this possible result. At first, the denunciation was received by the devoted priests against whom it was primarily directed as a serious blow to religious progress, while it afforded momentary amusement for an intellectual and skeptical age. Its later effects have been different. For Modernism, even now, excites curiosity, not merely as a thing obnoxious to authority, but as a movement imparting courage to the progressive of all denominations and challenging the interest of the skeptical. The Pope's encyclical has thus directed the attention of intelligent persons, whether religious or not, to a view of religion and its place in the modern world which abundantly repays serious study.

To the literature of Modernism, Mr. Lilley's book is a notable contribution. It is remarkable for the lucidity of its exposition and for its complete freedom from intellectual and religious frivolousness. It is genuinely philosophical and thorough in its understanding of persons and problems. Superficially the book is, with the exception of a few chapters, a collection of occasional notices previously published in the *Guardian*, the *Speaker*, and the *Commonwealth*. Their selection and chronological arrangement give, however, to the work a progressive and dramatic interest. They cover a period extending from October 1902 to December 1907, and combine with exposition of the movement contemporaneous comment on its progress. The concluding chapter, a critical examination of the encyclical *Pascendi*, reveals with a sort of dramatic culmination the pitiable incapacity of the authors of that document to understand what they condemn. The whole is preceded by an introductory account of the movement which the succeeding chapters discuss in detail. The book gains additional interest from the fact that it is written by a loyal member of the Church of England and is dedicated to Father Tyrrell.

But what is Modernism? For answer we summarize a few of the leading ideas to which Mr. Lilley has directed attention. It is improperly called Modernism if it is really to merit what Mr. Lilley has called the Pope's "lyrical outburst of horror," *Procul, procul esto a sacro ordine novitatum amor*. It is rather a very old conception of religion and theology, and modern only in the sense that it attempts to speak to the modern man in the language and ideas of modern times instead of in a language and in ideas which he has discarded and which few can longer understand. Its criticism of the church is, thus, not that she no longer has the words of eternal life, but that she no longer utters them in intelligible speech. Her symbols are not convertible into ideas with which the modern man is familiar. They offer him no meaning which he can think out. By neglecting to recognize this fact the Church puts herself in the ridiculous position of making faith depend upon the acceptance of the unintelligible. She thus fails in her ministry and invites the contempt instead of the loyalty of modern men. They ask of her the words of eternal life and she replies in the propositions of a discarded philosophy. The sense, therefore, in which the term Modernism is appropriate to the movement resides in the demand that the message of faith should be made intelligible in terms of modern ideas.

Such a demand involves an initial conception of the relation between faith and

knowledge. Mr. Lilley consequently points out that as a preeminently religious movement it owns kinship with mysticism. It is not, however, a mysticism which substitutes for knowledge the confused rhapsodies of faith, but a mysticism which confidently and instinctively believes that there runs through nature and history the continuous and progressive revelation of an absolute divine reality, and that knowledge, consequently, is the natural complement of faith and the means by which faith is interpreted in terms adapted to the understanding of any age. The dogmas of theology are, therefore, not the objects of faith, but its formulations, and are always relative to the extent of man's knowledge at the time of their making. The Nicene Creed, for example, expresses the faith of a period in the terminology of that period. The dogma of transubstantiation can be an acceptable expression of the mystery of the mass only so long as philosophy supports the doctrine of substance and accidents on which the dogma is based. Thus while faith is regarded as the fundamental spiritual activity of man, it does not thereby make knowledge unnecessary or unimportant. For knowledge "must not only affect the form of faith, but even assist in evoking its rational content."

Modernists, therefore, regard the claims of any religion to supremacy or of any religious institution to be authoritative, as claims which must be judged, on the one hand, by an appeal to history, and, on the other hand, by an appeal to contemporaneous service. This view gives content and method to their apologetics. Only by showing two things, namely that the Church has been supremely the possessor of a continuous revelation and that she has still a living message, can her position be made secure. She should, therefore, not only welcome critical studies of her historical foundations, but should actively promote them. It is inconsistent, Modernists maintain, to appeal to history and yet refuse to criticize the documents of history. Such inconsistency is really the admission that the Church cannot be defended on historical grounds. And if the Church is to be defended on the ground of contemporary service, she should be noted for her impress on the forces which stir the modern world. Has she promoted justice? Has she helpfully influenced science and democracy? By such questions Modernists would recall the Church to what they believe to be her present duty.

Although Mr. Lilley has confined himself in this volume to comment on the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church, and more specifically to the exponents of that movement in France, he has made it clear that Modernism is a movement affecting the whole of Christendom. There are, doubtless, points in its philosophy which cause serious difficulties, but there can be little doubt that its appraisal of the place of Christianity in the modern world is of decided importance. These Modernists recognize that Christianity has lost, in large measure, the control of modern life, but they find the reason to be, not the wickedness or worldliness of men, but the ignorance and inefficiency of the Church. Severe critics of organized and dogmatic Christianity find their criticisms voiced by Modernist writers. What the world has been saying of the

Church, distinguished members of the Church are now repeating. But they are repeating it with no abatement of religious faith or zeal. It is apparent, therefore, that they are securing for themselves an attentive hearing, and that they will meet with a hearty response if they have any genuinely positive and vital message for our time. The world at large is not surprised at their condemnation by authority; it is, perhaps, little interested in the details of their philosophy; but, just because they seem so clearly to understand the function of religion, it will be increasingly interested in their spiritual work.

*The Philosophy of Loyalty.* By Josiah Royce. Pp. xiii.+409. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

This homily of mine about the vanity of the lust for power is, of course, a very old story. You may think these remarks but wearisome moral platitudes. But we all have to learn this sort of lesson sometime afresh, and for ourselves (p. 91).

This incidental comment of Professor Royce may serve as an apt characterization of the lectures which he delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1907, and which have now been published under the title of "The Philosophy of Loyalty." The lectures are homilies. They contain philosophy, Professor Royce's philosophy of an absolute experience defined in terms of our own finite and partial experiences and yet including and completing them; but the homilies aim primarily at edification. Loyalty is defined and reasons are given for its worth and stability, but the burden of the book is, *Be loyal*. Moreover, the injunction is urged without pessimistic complaint or bitter denunciation. It is urged rather with a winning confidence in the attractiveness and supremacy of whatsoever things are of good report.

Although the term "loyalty" adds some novelty to the narrative and some emotion to the appeal, the "philosophy of loyalty" is the story of devotion to laws in which "the power of God is mighty and growth not old." For what is loyalty? It is defined progressively. We begin with "The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause," and end with "The Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." The supreme virtue is, consequently, "loyalty to loyalty," and our duties are interpreted as special instances of its exercise. So "we want loyalty to loyalty taught by helping many people to be loyal to their own special causes, and by showing them that loyalty is a precious common human good, and that it can never be a good to harm any man's loyalty except solely in necessary defence of our own loyalty" (p. 215). Assuredly it is an old story! And the same thing is said so many times. Yet it is said with such mastery of the art of skilful repetition that the appearance of progress is often secured.

Reading the book has not led us to question the general soundness of the philosophy of loyalty. It has led us, however, to ask, Why is the preaching of moral platitudes which are true, elevating, and historically sanctified, so ineffective? Why do we lay down the book with the impression



that the vital point has, somehow, been missed, that the "world still lies forlorn"? For ourselves we answer thus: We need, no doubt, to see the beauty of loyalty portrayed and to feel the pressure of prophetic exhortation, but we need knowledge more. We need the information necessary to make loyalty intelligent and effective. So when we ask, for example, how can we best deal with social unrest we do not relish the reply, Help many people to be loyal and harm no man's loyalty except in necessary defence of your own. We want to be told about the causes of unrest, its extent, its intensity, the tested or probable efficacy of measures of relief. We want to know who or what is to blame. Such demands indicate the moral temper of the times.

## Science.

*The Shell Book*; a Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Families of Living Mollusks, and an Aid to the Identification of Shells, Native and Foreign. By Julia Ellen Rogers. 8 color plates, 96 black and white. (The Nature Series.) New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$4 net.

In conchology some book of this sort, sufficiently extended to afford a *coup d'œil* of the subject, and dealing with American aspects of the science, has long been desired. Names count, and a shell named and put in position becomes a scientific acquisition. It has a new value and a larger meaning. And when the previously non-descript assemblage of specimens assumes the dignity of a related series of objects expressing ordinal, family, generic, and specific distinctions, the former vagrant along the beaches becomes a student and an investigator.

Miss Rogers's book supplies, therefore, a real need, and it comes beautifully printed and liberally illustrated. The style is graceful, not without touches of pleasant fancy.

In the preparation of a shell book three aspects of conchology enforce attention: the biological, the purely systematic, and the zoo-geographic (i. e., the distribution of shells over the earth, and in its oceans, with a discussion of their faunal and palaeontological relations). Of these three Miss Rogers has wisely selected the second as her dominant theme, and has written a guide to shells as we might find them in a cabinet, giving, of course, their habitat, some symptomatic glimpses into their life-history, and now and then an anecdote or a description.

There may be known to science to-day over 60,000 species of shells, and one might well doubt the practicability of preparing a serviceable descriptive nomenclature. It is obvious at the outset that a shell book must be selective, and that such a selection may be guided by distinction (beauty, size, frequency, etc.), or by locality. Generally, the most concise and useful results are attained by local circumscription, as in Dr. Keep's "West Coast Shells," and no more desirable work could be engaged in than the compilation of just such illustrated manuals, if pleasingly and authoritatively written. It is, indeed, possible to enumerate and describe the species of one

genus or several related genera—as Hidalgo is now doing with *Cyprea*—but such a partial glimpse would hardly deserve the name of a "shell book." For the widest dissemination of knowledge, embracing a typical conspectus of the larger and cosmopolitan families of shells, there is an advantage in Miss Rogers's method of selection by "distinction," modified, for American purposes, by "locality," with an observable attention to families conspicuously popular, and with some reference to industrial importance. The book opens with two generalized chapters, "How to Know Shells," and "The Balanced Aquarium and the Snailery," which might have been somewhat enlarged by a broader description of the habits, distribution, and ecology of shells. In this section there are inserted two most attractive landscape photographs, one from Florida and one from central New York. Then follows the description of a typical shell, and the organs of its mollusk, and after that the systematic treatment, beginning with the *Muricide*, the *Murice*. Now, classification and taxonomy make up the body of the work, and its value must be determined by the lucidity and certainty of its guidance in identifying shells. In this respect it is strikingly good. Miss Rogers seizes on distinctive features acutely, and her phraseology is perspicuous and concise. She makes use of anything handy connected with the habits, reputation, uses, or distribution of the species to give relief to her description. In this way she succeeds in introducing information not strictly taxonomic, but most valuable. Take, for instance, our shore periwinkle (*Littorina littorea*, L.), which is a European immigrant: she stops a moment over the name; tells how it is sold for food in England, whence it came; its prosperous invasion of our coasts; its peculiar gait; its love of seaweed; describes its dental ribbon, and completes her portrait by telling us that, "knowing their feeding habits, the owners of oyster beds scatter periwinkles on their acreage to keep the hindering algae grazed close."

The illustrations, which are an indispensable part of such a volume, are photographs, and tell their story well. There is a visible superiority in places, plainly due to the distinctiveness of the subject: e. g., the rose-branch *Murex*, and the surprisingly lifelike pictures of *Pinna*, *Spondylus*, and *Lima*. Hand-work could not surpass these. Mr. Dugmore is to be congratulated on his satisfactory work in this unpromising field. There are eight color plates, admirable examples of mechanical work in pigments. (Plate IV. suffers from an unlucky "mix-up" in numbering, figs. 23, 24, 25 being quite misplaced). Ideally, a shell book should figure each species described, and should give line drawings and enlargements in the smaller shells. Monographic completeness, in that sense, was not aimed at, and, if observed, would have put the book out of the reach of those to whom now its pages will prove a help.

"The Bird Our Brother" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is, like all Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller's bird books, a fascinating and sympathetic study of bird character in all its phases. Though her work is founded upon a rich personal experience, Mrs. Miller has

taken great pains to fortify her conclusions by numerous quotations from reputable authorities, the scientific value of many of which is questionable. It seems invidious to criticise such an excellent book, but it must be confessed that the author is somewhat handicapped in her efforts to preserve a dispassionate attitude by her ardent affection for the world of birds. For example, in the chapter entitled "His Altruism," many tales of protection and help offered by birds to their fellows have, almost without exception, to do with the given bird's own immediate kin—a result, it would seem, not of altruism, but of a rather lower though not less useful instinct.

In his "Deutsche medizinische Inkunabeln" (Leipzig: J. A. Barth), Prof. Karl Sudhoff presents his last word on what has been the subject of his research for many years; he intends to turn next to medical incunabula in Latin. The present work is much more than a bibliography: it is a study of German civilization in the latter half of the fifteenth century from a medical point of view. The 450 odd titles are by no means taken exclusively from purely medical works; the list includes books on popular science as well; even cookery and the preparation of beverages occupy a prominent place. The medical books are chiefly *Folksbücher*, "chap-books," and just for that reason of particular interest to the student of civilization. The study is published as a double number in the "Studien zur Geschichte der Medizin," which Professor Sudhoff is editing for the Puschmann Stiftung of the University of Leipzig.

Gieserud's "Science of Anthropology" is the "outgrowth of an earlier effort to alleviate the worries and perplexities haunting the classifier of books as well as the amateur scientist, taking up this most unsettled and vaguely limited field of study." Thus the manual is aimed at the librarian even more than at the anthropologist. It cannot but be helpful to both: the librarian is provided with excerpts from a number of authors covering their conception of the scope of anthropology, and is offered a specimen classification; to the anthropologist is given a printed bibliography which, though confessedly not comprehensive, is yet of convenience and value, and a list of anthropological societies, museums, etc. Naturally, the quality of the classification calls for the bulk of comment. It might be said, first of all, that the confusion of terms, natural enough to a relatively new science, is very great, and that little that is definitive and at the same time definite can be expected from the collation of many terminologies. It appears sometimes that the etymologist could help out the social scientist a good deal. It is natural enough that the Greek terms, taking into account the stage of development of the Greeks, should hardly correspond to the conceptions of a much later age; there is, for instance, no word for a *society* in the general sense, as witness the hybrid *sociology*. But it yet seems reasonable etymologically to regard *anthropology* as inclusive of all the social sciences, to extend *ethnos* to cover race, and to make more use of the word *demos*. The author, relying upon his quotations, would seem to have grasped the main distinction between the "natural science branch" and "the historical science branch," but not to have attained the sim-

ple clarity of assigning the endings "graphy" and "ology" to the descriptive and analytical branches respectively. However, librarians have to do with terminology as employed, and can hardly be called to account in these matters. The cleanest-cut classification of the social sciences known to the present reviewer is one printed for use of classes, but labelled "not published," from the hand of Professor Sumner; this veteran scholar possesses the advantage over most of his peers of having at one time or another dealt with all the social sciences, and of having thus attained a superior perspective. The manual under review is not particularly happy in its style, as the quotation in the first sentence of this notice will indicate; but it is an excellent effort in the direction in which stress should be applied, viz., toward the better organization of a great and important discipline.

## Drama.

John Jay Chapman has written, and Moffat, Yard & Co. have published, "Four Plays for Children," which, with one possible exception, cannot be said to be particularly well adapted to their professed purpose, although the author says that two of them have been successfully represented. A good deal depends, of course, upon what is meant by successful representation, which, it may be remarked, is something very different from the fluent recitation and mimetic action of which almost any ordinarily intelligent child is capable. Whether there is any urgent necessity for nursery drama is a question which need not be argued here. Certainly Mr. Chapman's pieces do not belong to that category. The stories of "The Lost Prince," "King Ithuriel," and "The Hermits" are in themselves sufficiently juvenile, but the dialogue, written with a magniloquence often approaching rhodomontade—in which all the little fishes talk like whales—is, as a rule, quite unsuitable for childish entertainment. It is, indeed, entirely lacking in the simplicity which is the prime essential in compositions of this kind. The best of the four pieces is "Christmas in Leipzig," which is founded upon a very pretty idea, developed with no small amount of sympathetic skill. But the acting of it would require powers only to be found among trained performers. Mr. Chapman's work reveals a considerable amount of literary facility and some appreciation of theatrical requirements, but scarcely indicates any special genius—such as that possessed by Mr. Barrie, for instance—for the very difficult task which he has undertaken, that of yoking adult intelligence with the fancy of childhood.

The following passage taken from "King Ithuriel" is a fair example of Mr. Chapman's verse and of the sort of matter which he offers as appropriate to the youthful mind. Roger the Hermit, is proposing parricide to the ambitious princess, Elaine, who applauds the plan:

ROGER.—Your ladyship will pardon if I speak  
With frankness, for the urgency is great.  
Suppose your father, with his holy zeal—  
The people love him, idolize indeed—  
Suppose he have discovered some lost heir  
That his imagination can adopt.  
This village outcast he identifies

With some old legend out of Arthur's time,  
Transplants to court, bestows the diadem,  
Dies in the fragrance of a holy deed,  
And leaves your family to beggary.

ELAINE.—What dost thou say!

ROGER.—Why, it is very like!

The brainsick wonderland in which he lives  
Teems with such issues—dragons, mysteries,  
And magic happenings of fable-land.

ELAINE.—'Tis very true. Old men have need to die.

ROGER.—A bath of boiling bat's-blood is most good

To wash the whimsies out of aged heads.

ELAINE.—What dost thou say of bat's-blood?  
ROGER.—Why, I say

The blood of bats is sovereign balm for saints:  
Heaves them to Paradise. Not only so:  
It breaks the magic of their godly lives  
With magic blacker and more powerful;  
No, only killing them, but stemming back  
The angelic stream that makes their will prevail:  
Without which conquest in the spirit-world,  
To kill a saint is idle butchery.

ELAINE.—Speak in less dreadful terms. How many bats

Would make a proper bath for this old man?  
For surely death must come to all alike,  
And to the aged is a welcome friend.

ROGER.—A thousand bats if taken in the spring.  
Or fifteen hundred—

The announcement that Rose Coghlan will support John Drew in W. S. Maugham's comedy, "Jack Straw," is a curious example of the effect of time's whirligig in the theatrical world. In his own rather narrow line, Mr. Drew is an admirable performer, who interprets one type of character exceedingly well, with infinite neatness, dexterity, and finish. But, of course, Miss Coghlan in histrionic range and accomplishments is greatly his superior, and there can be no doubt that she and Mr. Drew will afford each other the mutual support which is so indispensable to a satisfactory representation. We hear a great deal about this "support" in modern theatrical talk, but see very little of the thing itself in actual practice. One of the many disastrous consequences of the star system is that well-balanced performances, such as were common enough in the old stock company days, when "support" was not thought to be of so much importance as "cooperation," are growing more and more rare. It is a consolation to know that the public is prompt to appreciate them, whenever they do occur, as has been demonstrated lately in more than one instance. Miss Coghlan and Mr. Drew, in their earlier days, were both prominent members of notable stock companies, and will know how to play into each other's hands.

Miss Rachel Crothers's play, "The Three of Us," appears to be running along pretty smoothly in London, although the critics were not quite so enthusiastic over it as some of the cable press messages would have us believe. One well-known writer remarks that it shares with a good many other American plays the characteristics of a fresh atmosphere and a stale plot. It cannot be denied that the plot, if not altogether stale, is not free from conventional theatrical device. But the personages are human and vital, and make a strong appeal to the ordinary audience.

Laurence Housman's new play, "The Chinese Lantern," which has just been produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, appears to be a mixture of ancient fairy tale and modern satire. The scene is laid in the studio of a Chinese painter, who does nothing but lecture on a master-

piece—in which the soul of the original executant, Wiowan, is supposed to be embodied—while his assistants do all the work. Tikipu, the humble brushwasher, copies the masterpiece by night, while the Korean slave girl Mee-mee adores him. Presently he is discovered and his work destroyed, whereupon the spirit of Wiowan descends upon him and carries him off for three years. On his return the faithful Mee-mee is preparing to poison herself rather than marry the fat and hateful son of her artist master, but no sooner does Tikipu appear than she joyfully elopes with him, while the deserted household exhibits various manifestations of rage and grief.

Twelve years ago Jules Lemaitre, the French Academician, completed a dramatized version of Madame de Lafayette's love story, "La Princesse de Clèves." The piece has just been produced at the Théâtre des Arts, in Paris. M. Lemaitre has followed the main incidents of the story very closely, but has provided a new ending. In a brief final act, M. de Nemours and Mme. de Clèves are thrown together in the garden of the convent, whither the latter has retired after the death of M. de Clèves. M. de Nemours pleads his cause, and Mme. de Clèves, true to the memory of her dead husband, resists, but at the last lets fall a discreet word of hope to the duke. He is to return in a year to claim his own.

## Music.

*The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation.*  
By Sir Charles Santley. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Sixteen years ago the eminent English baritone, Charles Santley, published a volume entitled "Student and Singer," in which he gave an entertaining and instructive account of his student days in Italy, and his subsequent career as an opera and concert singer on two continents. At the ripe age of seventy-four, he now presents another volume, embodying his experiences as a teacher, and containing much valuable advice. He himself, as he tells us, narrowly escaped having his voice ruined by injudicious advice. When he was only fourteen years of age, his father insisted on his singing tenor, though, in his own opinion, he was not a tenor. Three years later he "dropped into the bass clef," and it was not till 1859, when he made his operatic debut, that his real register (high baritone) was revealed to him. In consequence of this narrow escape, and for other reasons, he holds that only one who is, or has been, a good singer can be a satisfactory teacher. How many such, one wonders, are there among the 10,000 singing teachers who are said to be busy in London alone?

After his return from Italy, where his experiences were rather doleful and discouraging, Mr. Santley had the good luck to become a pupil of the eminent Spantard, Manuel Garcia, who saved Jenny Lind's voice from ruin, and who is acknowledged the greatest singing master of the last century. Students whose teachers inflict on them a lot of anatomical jargon will be interested to hear Santley on this point. Garcia, he says,

taught singing, not surgery! I was a pupil of his in 1858, and a friend of his while he lived, and in all the conversations I had with him, I never heard him say a word about larynx or pharynx, glottis, or any other organ used in the production and emission of the voice;

and Santley adds his own opinion, that the less pupils know about the construction of the vocal organs, the better.

Mr. Santley does not credit the foolish remark attributed to Rossini, that the three main requisites of a singer are "voice, voice, and voice," but thinks the anecdote has done much harm in encouraging pupils with "voices" to shirk work. If he himself were questioned as to the three requisites, he would answer: "Patience! patience! patience!" Apparently, the teacher needs this as much as the pupil, for, in his opinion, "a singing master has the most trying task of all teachers." Of his colleagues he has no high opinion; most of them do not know the difference between the "production" and the "emission" of the voice; most of them launch their pupils too soon into the study of difficult music; and as for enunciation, their pupils may be heard any day singing, "Ow, de-ah, now!" for "Oh, dear, no," and that sort of thing.

During his career as a singer the author suffered much from the defective acoustics of theatres and halls. A good deal has been written regarding the fact that in some parts of an auditorium the audience may hear much better than in others; on this Mr. Santley dwells, but he also presents the artist's side of the plaint. Why, he asks, was he able to go through his work in perfect comfort in one place, while in another he was glad to land safe at the end? He inveighs against the primitive waiting rooms, which are responsible frequently for sudden impairment of voice and disappointment of the audience. He also dwells at considerable length on the danger of having flowers in the artist's room or in drawing-rooms where artists are expected to sing. Close observation showed that he was often attacked with hoarseness when there were flowers in the room, and was relieved as soon as they were removed. Tobacco, on the other hand, soothes his throat. Nor will he admit that these are personal idiosyncrasies.

In the preface, Mr. Santley makes a contribution to the question: Are great artists happy? His experience does not in the least confirm the general notion that a singer's life is a merry one: "No gold nor amusement could repay the toil, worry, and disappointment of a singer's life as I know it."

The Aborn American Grand Opera Company, which had a successful career of thirty-one weeks last season in New York and Brooklyn, will be reorganized in September for a season of forty weeks, to be divided between New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The repertoire is to include some twenty operas, among them Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," all in English.

One of the artists who has won special praise during the present opera season in London is Miss Destina, who will be in our Metropolitan company next winter. Speaking of Gluck's "Armida," the London *World* says: "The great triumph of the pro-

duction was Fri. Destina as Armide—she looked magnificent, and sang and acted as if she had never breathed any atmosphere save that of chivalric romance, or sung in any music save that of the eighteenth century."

The Vienna Conservatory, which for nearly a century has been maintained by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and brought to its present state of prosperity, will, on the first of next January, be handed over to the state. The teaching staff hopes by this change to obtain higher salaries as well as higher pensions.

Another sign of the times: At the Imperial Opera in Vienna, after a pause of twelve years, "Stradella," by Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has been revived. Richard von Perger writes in the London Musical Times that "the performance aroused unusual enthusiasm. This shows that the public, weary of tone effects, dissonances, blood, and adultery, finds pleasure in flowing and yet refined music. A quite childlike pleasure was taken in the melody, and in the droll humor of the piece."

Since Eugen D'Albert has become so popular as an opera composer, he has practically given up his piano recitals, but he has found time to do his share in the editing of Liszt's complete works, to be issued by Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig. The first two volumes, recently issued, were edited by him. They contain the first four of the symphonic poems, which created a new epoch in musical history. The other editors of this edition are Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Weingartner, and Wolfrum. There will be altogether about forty volumes, and it is expected that the work will be completed within twelve years.

The same publishers have issued volume I. of the complete works of Haydn. In Haydn's day composing was a less elaborate affair than in Liszt's, and no one who has read of Haydn's fluency and industry will be surprised to hear that there will be altogether eighty volumes in this edition. The editors are Kretschmar, Seifert, Kopfermann, Adler, Weingartner, and Mandyczewski, who has spent ten years in gathering data and sifting material. The volume issued includes twelve symphonies, some of which have not been printed before. The third of them contains a minuet. Most historians assume that it was Haydn, who introduced the minuet in the symphony, but he adopted the practice from older composers of the Viennese school. The sixth, seventh, and eighth of these symphonies are programme music, and they are the best of the twelve. The editors have ascertained that of the 159 symphonies attributed to Haydn only 104 are genuine. The others were written by his brother Michael, by Dittersdorf, Kotzeluch, Hoffmeister, and others.

## Art.

*Seals*, by Walter de Gray Birch. Pp. xxviii + 327. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$7.50 net.

Of the Connoisseur's Library, edited by Cyril Davenport, we have reviewed in these

columns the volumes on European Enamels, Ivories, English Furniture, Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work, Porcelain, and Glass. The volumes are handsome and convenient, the paper is thick but not heavy, the printing clear, and the type unusually large for such handbooks. The volumes purport to be separate studies of first rate importance; and in most cases they succeed.

This book on seals, however, is less useful than we could wish. Thus, it would not be incorrect to say that except for ten pages at the beginning, the work is devoted to the seals of the middle ages and later times. It contains nothing about the Orient since the founding of Islam; and yet in modern times there is no part of the world where seals are used so commonly as in the Moslem East. There is no mention of the seals and stamps of the remote East, so much in question in studies of Chinese painting and bronze casting; nothing about the engraved gems of Greek and Greco-Roman antiquity, except as they appear in a few mediæval settings. Yet the true origin of the engraved gem, whether worn in a ring or otherwise, is the signet. Even those ancient seals which are touched upon in the first ten pages are treated cursorily, and without illustrations.

The very question as to what constitutes a seal is not properly answered; for no clear distinction is made between the seal proper, the counter seal, the private seal, the sign manual or signet, the special seal used for special documents, the metal bulla, or the seals stamped in plastic materials. Evidently the word means the final result, the impressed coat of arms, or emblem, or design which the matrix leaves when it has been stamped upon a yielding surface or upon a harder surface with color. Evidently the matrix itself is not strictly the seal; although our English usage gives both meanings. There can be no harm in this inclusive use of the term; and yet the student should be told in each case whether the descriptions and the plates stand for originals or for impressions. This would be evident enough if the illustrations were better, but despite all care, the figures are vague and hard to understand except in cases where the design is extremely simple. Of course many seals that are injured, or at least defaced and rubbed, are too important to be rejected. Yet with allowance for such defects, these illustrations fall short.

The book has only four pages of index for over three hundred of text. There is a glossary, but the heraldic terms are not made plain to the layman. On consulting "dexter" and "sinister," the reader will not learn why these terms mean just the reverse of *right* and *left* on the escutcheon. Again, there is no reference from text to figures, no index to the figures, no explanatory "caption" to make the text useful to one who is studying the illustrations. Dr. Birch is known as a trustworthy guide in fields which he had made his own; and yet we must conclude that the vast deal of interesting information in this his latest work is limited in range and hardly made accessible.

The *Burlington Magazine* for June is concerned largely with the minor arts, containing illustrated papers on plate, porcelain,



etc., and (in the section on Art in America), on two recent panels of colored glass by John La Farge. The same section contains notes, by W. Rankin, on the Saint-Gaudens Memorial Exhibition and the Spring Academy. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of Millais's portrait of Tennyson—probably a good likeness, but not a very interesting work of art.

The special spring number of the *Studio* (John Lane) is devoted to "Art in England during the Elizabethan and Stuart Periods," but the art dealt with is that of domestic architecture and furniture, which is lavishly illustrated. At the end there is a short account of "The First Century of English Engraving," but there is nothing about painting and sculpture, or about many of the minor arts. The title of the number is much too inclusive for its contents, but the contents themselves are valuable.

We take pleasure in acknowledging from F. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, an excellent portrait of Grover Cleveland. The photograph measures 16 by 13½ inches, and is well suited for framing.

Signor Rava's proposal to found an Italian archaeological school at Athens, similar to those of Germany, Great Britain, France, America, and Austria, has met with the approval of the Italian Parliament.

A Roman marble sarcophagus has recently been unearthed in Rome outside the Porta Maggiore. It is in excellent preservation, and constitutes one of the most interesting finds of this sort during the last years. The chief subject represented is a scene from a battle between Romans and Parthians or Persians.

A new cave with prehistoric drawings has been brought to light by Dr. René Jeannel in the Department Ariège in France. Among the drawings are horses, oxen, and reindeers. Among the most interesting is the silhouette of a man—one of the few representations of the human figure found in prehistoric caves.

Venice is alarmed by the discovery that the campanile of San Stefano is again in danger. When this church was restored, four or five years ago, a buttress was built against one side of the tower. Now both tower and support prove to have followed an imperceptible movement of the ground. San Stefano is a Gothic church of the fourteenth century, notable for grace and lightness, and one of Venice's chief monuments.

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg has lately acquired some valuable Greek textiles, discovered in the neighborhood of Kertsch, in the Crimea. From other objects found with them they can be dated as belonging to the fifth century, B. C. The textiles are of three kinds—printed, painted, and embroidered. In the painted specimens the figures are left in the brownish color of the texture, and the background is filled in in red and black—a technique which recalls the red-figured Athenian vases.

Mr. Sotiriadis, ephor of antiquities in Athens, has delivered a report on his discoveries at Chersonesa and Elatea, where he has been excavating certain tumuli. Neolithic dwellings have been brought to light in considerable numbers around and upon a large tumulus; great quantities of bones of animals, doubtless sacrificial, have

been found; also some fine examples of neolithic vases, domestic utensils, stone implements, and terracotta idols. At a depth of eight or nine feet there were found several human skeletons, which make it probable that these tumuli, to which Mr. Sotiriadis assigns the approximate date of 3000 B. C., are funerary. The bones bear traces of burning. Some of the vases are of good shape and interesting decoration. There are many varieties; one shows white designs on a fine black ground; another group red designs on a white ground; and there are some vases with polychrome decorations.

## Finance.

### A REMINISCENCE OF THE 1893 PANIC.

The death of ex-President Cleveland has necessarily revived discussion of the relations of his Administration to the country's financial history of the past generation, and this discussion has already illustrated the persistency of an unfounded imputation, fostered originally by political prejudice. "A good man, but he brought on the panic of 1893"—this was the off-hand comment of hundreds of men of at least average intelligence, when they got last Wednesday's news. Yet nothing is more certain, as a matter of financial history, than that Mr. Cleveland did not bring on the panic of 1893, that he did great service in averting its worst after-effects, and that, in so far as public measures or public policies actually had a hand in the chaos of that panic year, they were measures and policies to which he was openly opposed, and which came upon the scene of action when he was not in office and when his party was not in power.

The theory that Mr. Cleveland's tariff policy caused the panic of 1893 misses dates. Whatever their theoretical beliefs, most people now concede that the plan of suddenly and radically altering the entire list of import duties is unsettling to business, for the reason that importers must necessarily move slowly, when such changes are impending, in order to avoid loss on their longer projects. A merchant who should import goods under high duties, and who had not disposed of them when the duties were lowered or removed and when his competitor had imported the same goods on the new basis, would naturally be undersold.

This, though it would scarcely make for panic, would be apt to create dull and narrow trade. But the tariff policy of the Cleveland Administration was not considered until the last months of 1893, or introduced in Congress until December 19, or enacted until the middle of 1894, whereas the panic began in May, 1893, and reached its climax in July. This would no doubt leave open the theory that fear of what the law might be had created panic beforehand; but the peculiar fact in that regard is that nobody on the financial markets paid any attention whatever to the tariff while the panic was raging, but that all attention converged on a very different law, enacted in 1890, and then operating directly and unmistakably to break down the public credit.

The position with which Mr. Cleveland was confronted, when his second term began in 1893, was this: A revenue law had been passed three years before, which, by removing the sugar duties, struck off upwards of \$50,000,000 from the annual public revenue. Public expenditure, which was \$297,000,000 in the year when that revenue law was passed, had risen to \$383,000,000 in the year when Mr. Cleveland took office. Deficits in Treasury finance were beginning, and this happened when the government's floating debt, in the form of notes issued to purchase and store away silver bullion, under another law of 1890, was increasing at the rate of \$50,000,000 annually. A banking concern in the position occupied by the Treasury in March, 1893, would have stood on the brink of insolvency. The gold reserve for redemption of government notes, which the law stipulated should be \$100,000,000, stood at \$100,982,000 when the Cleveland Administration took charge of it, and it had been kept at that figure only through the extorting of \$7,000,000 gold from reluctant New York banks by the retiring Administration, in exchange for notes held by the Treasury.

Mr. Cleveland met this disastrous situation with four distinct and important actions. He personally declared that the law, in his judgment, required that the notes of 1890 should be redeemed, if the holder so desired, in gold. He forced on Congress the repeal of the vicious statute through which the government's floating debt was being uselessly increased, and its gold reserve depleted. When the after-panic trade contraction sent these notes by the millions back from general circulation into the banks, started a gold-export movement, and thus again caused the notes to be used for procuring gold from the Treasury, and when, as a consequence, the gold reserve fell below \$70,000,000, the Cleveland Administration utilized its lawful powers, in the face of a wild outcry of protest, and procured gold from the New York banks through public loans.

When even this recourse failed, because the banks drew the gold for their bond subscriptions out of the Treasury in exchange for legal-tenders, and when, in February, 1895, the gold reserve fell to \$41,000,000—forced suspension of gold payments being apparently only one day off—Mr. Cleveland issued bonds to buy \$45,000,000 gold from an international syndicate, on the pledge of the syndicate that the gold

### Financial.

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would not be procured from the Treasury, and that further withdrawals would be averted.

No President in our history has faced such a clamor of abuse and misrepresentation as broke out on the announcement of this contract, and Mr. Cleveland knew beforehand that it would do so. But if he had flinched, and had let the relief expedient go by default because of its unpopularity, the United States currency, in March, 1895, would have gone to a silver basis. It was not Mr. Cleveland's habit to flinch in such a crisis, and he met the situation. It is worth asking whether the chorus of tributes of respect and admiration, paid to his memory last week even by opposing political organizations, was not in very considerable part a recognition of this achievement of 1895, and of the President's steadfast attitude during the panic of 1893 for which he was not responsible.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Andrews, W. S. *Magic Squares and Cubes*. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.  
 Arner, George B. Louis. *Consanguineous Marriages in the American Population*. Longmans.  
 Atton, Henry and Henry Hurst Holland. *The King's Customs*. Dutton. \$3.50 net.  
 Balleine, G. R. *A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England*. Longmans. \$1.75 net.  
 Banks, Louis Albert. *Sermons Which Have Won Souls*. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.40 net.  
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